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"Faggots and flints! the boyce 'll be chawed up," exclaimed the bear-tamer, in great excitement. "Let go, yur durned varmint; let go, er-"

OLD CRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER;

Wild Huntress of the Rocky Mountains.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Nephew of Old Crizzly Adams, and author of "The Phantom Princess; or, Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper," "The Blackfoot Queen; or, Old Nick Whiffles in the Valley of Death," etc.

CHAPTER I. THE SACRIFICE.

"HARK, lad! thar they go ag'in!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, slightly leaning forward in an attitude of intense listening. "I tell you them Blackfeet ar' in one uv the'r cantankerous tantrums 'bout somethin', an' I should jedge from the'r yells thet somebody war 'bout seein' sights. They've got a prisoner, an', what's more, they're powerful glad on it."

The companion of the old hunter, and to whom this remark was addressed, was a young man of some eighteen or nineteen years of age, of remarkably fine physical development, which

was shown to great advantage by his closely-fitting suit of buckekin, and upon whose hand-some face there rested a look of eager anticipa-

was shown to great advantage by his closely-fitting suit of buckskin, and upon whose hand-some face there rested a look of eager anticipation.

The two were standing just within a line of bushes that fringed a slight eminence, with their faces turned down the valley from whence came the yells that had attracted their attention.

These sounds had continued for some time, momentarily increasing, not only in volume, but in fierceness, until, at the moment when Old Grizzly had spoken, the very air was trembling with their volume.

To the ears of the experienced hunter their

To the ears of the experienced hunter their

ward, and laying his brawny hand on his young companion's shoulder, suddenly brought him to a standstill.

"Ar' ye mad, boy, thet ye would run y'ur head into thet nest uv rattlers?" he asked, somewhat sternly. "I tell ye thet the whole tribe ar' out, an' what's wuss, the'r blood's up. Do ye think thet two men kin face a hunderd uv the imps an' not lose the'r ha'r? Why, I'm ashamed on ye. Whar's the good uv all my trainin' et y'u'r' to lose y'ur head this a-way?" It was rarely that the old hunter gave way to such evidences of temper, especially toward his young companion, who was the very apple of his eye.

Old Grizzly Adams, the bear-tamer, so well-known in after years, in connection with his pet, Sampson, had made the acquaintance of Alfred Badger some two or three years previous, and formed for him the strongest friendship. This had grown with the growth of the boy, so that in the intervening time he had learned to look upon him as his own son, had kept him constantly by his side, learned him the proper use of weapons, and instructed him in the arts and wiles of border warfare.

Upon the part of the young man this affection was strongly reciprocated, and he had come to regard the word or command of his friend as law in all matters appertaining to their wild life.



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With a light laugh, though his clear gray eyes still flashed with the excitement of the moment, Alfred turned and faced the irate bear-

"I haven't forgot the training, uncle Grizzly," he said, using the familiar title by which he always addressed the other. "But, surely, we will not remain idly here and suffer some fellow-being to perish at the hands of these flends?"

"There must be a way, and I know that you can find it out. You never fail when you attempt such things."
"Now y'u'r' talkin' reasonable. Sich things can't be did in a scurry, even if it can be did at all. We must think a bit, fur, as I said before, this here runnin' into a whole village up.

Blackfeet, an' them in the'r tantrums, ain't no child's play, nohow."
For several minutes Old Grizzly stood leaning For several minutes Old Grizzly stood leaning upon his long rifle, looking intently down into the bore as if to consult some spirit that lay concealed there. Presently he drew his stalwart figure up with a jerk, threw the heavy piece into the hollow of his left arm, and uttering the single word "Come," stepped cautiously out of the fringe of bushes, and began the descent into the valley below.

Knowing how useless it would be to question, the young hunter followed closely behind, imi-

the young hunter followed closely behind, imitating his leader's example and dodging from

The din had greatly increased as they drew forward, and now they could distinguish the shrill screeches of squaws and the still keener treble of children's voices. The very curs of the town seemed to have caught the infection, and to the pandemonium of sound was added

and to the pandemonium of sound was added their yelps and savage barking.

"Dang my ole moccasins of it don't beat enny thing as ever I heard afore," whispered Old Grizzly, who had thrown his rifle forward and pulled back the hammer. "I tell you, Alph, my lad, they've struck a big lead, an' the whole tribe ar' rejoicing over it. We'll see in a minit. Make fur thet big red-oak yander, an' step lighter nor a painter of ye vally y'ur ha'r."

Together the two crept forward, closely hugging the earth, and a moment later were safely ensconced behind the huge trunk, tooking out upon the open, and beheld a scene of the most startling character.

startling character.

The clearing before them was a rod or two in width, and was of the character of a gorge or valley. In the center of this, securely fastened to a post, with the wood piled about him, ready for ignition, stood a white man, while fully a hundred Blackfeet, warriors, squaws and children, were brandishing tomahawks, knives and guns, and engaging in the most furious and grotesque dance about their victim. It was from them that came those frightful whoops and screeches that made the arches of the woods ring again.

As the white man stood his face was only par-

As the white man stood his face was only par-As the white man stood his face was only par-tially visible; but the glimpses obtained show-ed that he viewed his fate with the stoicism of an Indian himself. His dress was that of a hunter, and he seemed perfectly quiescent, waiting for the final scene.

The eye of the young man kindled. His breath came and went rapidly, hissing through his clenched teeth, while his broad chest rose and fell under the influence of suppressed excitement.

"He must be rescued," he said, in a low, de-"He must be rescued," he said, in a low, determined tone.

"A hundred men mout do it, but nary two alive kin," replied Old Grizzly. "Come, come, lad, don't go an' lose y'ur head ag'in. The man is a goner es sartin es death an' the grave. But, dang my ole moccasins, ef I don't feel sorry fur him, fur he ar' game an' no mistake."

sorry fur him, fur he ar' game an' no mis-take."

"But can we not make a sudden charge, create a panic and free him in the surprise? We may give him a chance for life."

"Give him a chance fur life, hey?" growled the old hunter. "Yes, an' lose our own a-try-in' it. No, lad, it would on'y be givin' em three to cut the'r cantankerous tantrums about 'stead uv one. The man ar' got to die an' thar ain't no poss'ble help fur it."

"Oh, do not let us stand by and see that man perish by such terrible torture! Let us do something."

something."
"I will compromise with y'u," said the old hunter, drawing back the hammer of his rifle.
"I can't save the poor feller's life, but I kin save him from burnin'."

"How? how?" was the eager inquiry.
"With this," replied Grizzly, softly patting the stock of his piece. "From whar I stand I kin send a bullit squar' between his eyes, so squar' thet he'll never know what hurt him, an' ef thet won't be a marcy I can't see as what will!"

"It will! it will! if he can not be saved; but it is an awful thing, uncle Grizzly."

"But, mind you, my lad, the crack uv this rifle'll bring the hull tribe onto us, an' then the on'y chance ar' to lite out an' depend on good herd running." an' a heart nut it." good, hard runnin'—an' a heap uv it."
"I know. I know!" was the steady re-

sponse. "Ar' ye ready?" asked the bear-tamer, as he slowly drew the rifle to his face.

Higher and higher rose the deadly barrel; the level was reached, and the eye of the marks-man, who never missed his aim, glanced through the forked sight and rested upon the center of the prisoner's forehead.

Without a quiver the finger rested upon the trigger; another instant and the pressure would be applied, when, suddenly, and with a low exclamation of surprise, the bear-tamer lowered the piece, and stood gazing in open-mouthed wonder upon a startling apparition that had appeared as though from out the earth.

CHAPTER II. THE APPARITION.

OUT from the dense forest on the right of the Indian village dashed a horse of a pure white color upon whose back was seated a woman, dressed in a gaudy, half-civilized costume, her feet incased in moceasins, and a bright blue shawl wrapped around her waist, with one end flowing over her shoulder, while her long black hair streamed far out, like the mane of the horse, and with a wild, eager look, she dashed swiftly forward toward the amazed prisoner.

At her side galloped a large brown bear,

At her side galloped a large brown bear, seemingly as intent as his mistress upon some errand, and keeping his position as close to her as though he was a favorite dog whose affection could never permit him to pass beyond her sight

could never permit him to pass beyond her sight.

Right through the surging crowd of infuriated savages the white horse and his fearless rider dashed, while close behind, snapping right and left, and growling frightfully, the huge brown bear followed, seemingly a faithful guardian over the safety of his mistress.

Where but an instant before there had reigned such a tumult of fierce vells and violent gesterned.

ed such a tumult of fierce yells and violent ges-ticulations, now rested a silence as complete as though some magic power had been used to en

Never for an instant halting or hesitating, but with her gaze fixed upon the now staring cap-tive, the strange being rode forward at full speed, the astounded and affrighted throng parting upon either side, leaving a clear avenue even to the stake.

This it required but a moment for the rider to reach, when, quick as thought, the blade of a long, keen knife flashed in the sunlight, and the woman, bending far over, applied the edge to the bonds that confined the doomed man. With a sharp crack they parted, and the prison-

A single motion of the woman's hand indicated to him his next act.

Leaping upon the pile of faggots, by which he was surrounded, he placed his right hand upon his preserver's shoulder, and lightly vaulted upon the white steed's back.

The rein was given the horse; and, heading obliquely across the open, and directly toward where the bear-tamer and his companion lay concealed, the strange cavalcade swept like a whirlwind from before the eyes of the still completely paralyzed Indians.

It was evident that this apparition was not unknown to the Blackfeet. The sudden recoiling, the universal terror, so great as to actually deprive them of motion, their remaining quiescent while the prisoner was being carried off in their very faces, all showed the powerful influence that was exerted upon their untutored minds by the woman, the white horse and their savage companion.

But the spell was not of long duration. The rein was given the horse; and, heading

But the spell was not of long duration. At once the loud, clear voice of the chief rose upon the air; a few rapid commands and the charm was broken. Again the fierce desire for vengeance asserted itself, and, with yells of rage a score of lithe, active warriors darted forward in pursuit.

"Look, boyee, look!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, in strong excitement. "By the everlastin' cat-

in strong excitement. "By the everlastin' catamount, the critter, whoever she ar', 'll hev the hull tribe onto us!'

Such, indeed, seemed to be the case; for, as we have stated, the wild rider, in leaving the Indian camp, bore directly down upon the spot occupied by the two hunters.

As the bear-tamer ceased speaking, the white horse dashed by within ten paces of the oak behind which they stood, and vanished like a meteor in the heavy timber beyond.

Seemingly wrapped in wonder and lost to the peril of the moment, Alfred Badger was gazing in the direction whence the apparition had vanished.

"Ar' ye stark, starin' mad, boyee! Don't ye see the varmin ar' onto us?" and the powerful hand of the old hunter grasped the young man's collar and jerked him round to face the coming

danger.
"We must—"

"Yes, we must, an' thet durned quick! Away with ye, and ef ever ye did travel, now's the time to do it ag'in."

But the movement was too late.
Quick as were the motions of the two men, as they sprung back into the chapparal, the keen eyes of the savages were quicker, and, as they caught sight of their fresh game, a dozen warriors headed directly for them.

Used to such emergencies, the bear-tamer, after speaking a word of caution to Alfred, turned sharply to the left, with the intention of gaining the broken ground along the base of the hills above, where, amid the ravines and heavy undergrowth, he hoped to give the red-skins the slip.

the slip.

For something like half a hundred yards the two ran side by side, while, shrill and clear pealed the yells of the pursuing braves.

"Ef we can make the—" but the old hunter's and short in a most unexpected." words were cut short in a most unexpected

manner.

They were skirting a line of thick undergrowth that can parallel with their course, and between them, or partially so, and the advancing braves. While running along this cover the bear-tamer spoke; but with a shrill whoop of exultation, a warrior sprung out of the thicket, directly in the hunters' path, and atmost before he had alighted upon his feet the tomahawk left his hand and came cutting the air in rapid evolutions with terrific force and ir in rapid evolutions with terrific force and

His quick eye saved Old Grizzly from the His quick eye saved Old Grizzly from the stroke, and, as he dodged, he drew his knife, and with the heavy blade held between thumb and forefinger, he swung the weapon aloft and hurled it with fatal certainty full at the exposed breast of the warrior, who now was almost in arm's reach.

With a sickening thud the blade struck fair upon the point, cutting through bone, cartilage and muscle. The Indian went down without a groan.

In a second's time the hunter had recovered its knife, and the two again turned to fly.

It was too late; the bear-tamer and Alph found themselves surrounded.

"That's no marcy to be looked fur hyer!" shouted Old Grizzly. "Back to back, boyee, an' don't let ther imps ketch y'ur eye shet. Now, then, at 'em!"

He swung his rifte to his face, and a leading

brave fell, pierced through the brain.

"Thet counts one!" shouted the reckless bear-tamer. "Open on 'em, boyee, with y'ur pepper-box! Them's the ticket!" he continued, as the crack, crack of Alph's revolver began to be heard.

Upon one side the savages were held at bay by the deally except the savages.

by the deadly repeater, but, with the bear-tamer, it was different. His rifle was empty, and they closed in on him for hand-to-hand

work.
With a yell like that of a wounded panther, first calling to the young hunter to "look out," Old Grizly sprung right in their midst.
"Y'u want close work, do ye?" he shouted, "Whoop! hyer it ar'!" and laying about him with deadly effect, the indomitable man fairly bore back the press and cleared the immediate field of assailants.

bore back the press and cleared the immediate field of assailants.

"Keep y'ur back stiff, Alph, my boyee!" he then called; "thar ain't no chance uv gettin' outen this, but, by ther everlastin' catamount, we'll show these p'izen imps how to die

game."
"I'm good for three more, I think," coolly replied his young companion, holding up the heavy six-shooter. "And when this is empty, I'll go into them as you have done," and again he turned back to back with Old Grizzly to conhe turned back to back with Old Grizzly to con-front the fast-increasing number of warriors now howling with rage at the loss of their former prisoner, or uttering yells of exultation at the prospect of capturing two instead. The circle soon was complete. On every side hideously-painted faces glared out from bush or thicket. They could have shot the two hun-ters where they stood but this they meant not

or theset. They could have shot the two hant ters where they stood, but this they meant not to do. To take them alive; to see them suffer the horrible tortures of the stake in place of the other, was their object.
Like hungry wolves the warriors crept from

Like hungry wolves the warriors crept from cover to cover, gradually closing the cordon of death. Suddenly, with a yell, they charged; but as suddenly a new element bounded into the combat, that, while it caused the Indians to recoil for the moment, gave fresh hope to the hearts of the two hard-pressed men.

A man, with long hair and beard, and fierce of aspect, with no covering for his head, with a huge knife in his hand, and without uttering a word, landed at one bound in the very center

a word, landed at one bound in the very center of the group, and began slashing right and left, with a fury that was indescribable! It was the captive of the stake!

"Cuss my moceasins, ef this ain't queer," muttered Old Grizzly. "Just got out of the fryin'-pan an' hyer he is in the fire again. Guess he hates these red niggers some! Why he's a parfect hurrican'! See him thar'! Whoop! Go it, ole feller! I'm with you!" he shouted, as, with his terrible clubbed rifle swung aloft, he sprung to the stranger's side and joined him in his furious attack upon the Blackfeet. in his furious attack upon the Blackfeet. It was the golden opportunity, and the young hunter added his prestige to the defense, by cracking away with his revolver, carefully husbanding his ammunition, so that each shot might produce due moral as well as material

Clearing their way, at one side, the three white men dashed a distance of several rods toward a narrow gorge, and then again facing about, they retreated, fighting step by step. It was a terrible combat. The whites were pressed so hard that they had no chance to run and could only step backward striking and fight-ing as they went.

The Indians exposed themselves with un-

paralleled audacity, a certain indication that they considered it a matter of the greatest moment to capture but not to kill the men. In falling back, Alfred had kept slightly behind the others, and when they reached a point where the ravine made a sharp bend to the right,

he disappeared around it, and was for the moment lost sight of.

It was a mistaken act.

Two of the pursuing warriors had taken to the hill-side, with a view to flank the whites, and at the moment when the curve hid the elder hunters from view, they simultaneously broke cover within a few feet of the young hunter and together hurled themselves moon him. Taken cover within a few feet of the young hunter and together hurled themselves upon him. Taken completely by surprise, Alfred had no opportunity to use his revolver, and, even before he could utter a cry for assistance, he was borne to the earth and bound, not, however, until he had received a stunning blow upon the head from a tomahawk. A moment later and he was being borne away to the village.

With renewed yells of triumph the red-skins pressed rapidly forward, striving to close in with the two whites and end the conflict by overpowering them from sheer weight of num-

overpowering them from sheer weight of num-'s.
'We ar' got to make a break hyer," said the ur-tamer. "Shall we part er stick it out to-

bear-tamer. "Shal gether?" he asked.

gether?" he asked.

"You must decide that question," replied the released captive. "I will be guided by your judgment in the matter."

"Well, now, that's hoss sense. The best way of gettin'—look ont! thar' they kim! Give the varmin p'izen!" he shouted, swinging aloft his now blood-reeking rifle.

Once more the two men were seemingly beyond hope of escape, when, for the second time, the white horse and his fearless rider, still accompanied by the brown bear, appeared upon the scene!

So sudden was their appearance that it seemed as though they had sprung from out the earth near at hand!

As before, the effect of the apparition was most extraordinary upon the superstitious war-

with one accord they broke in wild dismay and fled, howling with terror, down the ravine up which they had fought their way at such loss of life.

loss of life.

"Well, by the everlastin' catamount, ef this hyer don't beat enny thing as ever I see," exclaimed Old Grizzly. "I'm goin' to find—dang my old moccasins ef I do nuther, fur yander she goes like a streak uv white lightnin', her an' the hoss an' the b'ar, too!"

It was as the bear-tamer said. Already some distance off the wild rider could be seen urging the white steed to rapid flight!

"Hullo! Whar the blazes ar' the boyee." suddenly exclaimed Old Grizzly, as he for the first time missed Alfred.

The stranger made no reply to the question;

The stranger made no reply to the question; indeed he did not seem to hear it. He stood as if spell-bound, gazing after the fast-fading figure

of the white horse's rider.

"Hullo, you thar!" again spoke Old Grizzly, who was fast losing his patience. "What yur standin' thar moonin' about when I tell y'u the lad ar' missin'?"

"Pardon me!" courteously replied the man.
"My thoughts were elsewhere. The young man, I have no doubt, is safe. We have heard no yell that would indicate a capture. I must be off. I must follow that white horse and see who is his rider. A woman! I must follow her!"
"Well, I'll be dod durned of I don't b'leeve the hull face uv the airth ar' topsy-turvey 'bout this hyer woman!" exclaimed Old Grizzly. "Go! Sartinly of yer want to, an' of yer wants ter find me ag'in, why, jess strike thet line uv timmer yander by the highest peak that pokes up, an' yur'll be apt to find my ranch."
"Thanks!" replied the other, thrning to go.
"I must—"
"One question, stranger," said Grizzly. "I

"I must—"
"One question, stranger," said Grizzly. "I hain't no cur'osity, you see. Never hed none in my life, but takin' all sarcumstances inter consideration, as the feller sez, I would like to have really and the second of t consideration, as the rener sez, I would like to know who you are'."

For an instant the stranger hesitated; then, suddenly facing about, and drawing his tall form to its utmost hight, he said, in a low, stern

'I am Warrama, 'The Avenger,' " and was

CHAPTER IV THE BEAR'S NEST.

"The d—I you ar'?" exclaimed Old Grizzly, gazing after the retreating figure with a look of comical surprise. "Wal, now, I've hearn a good deal about thet chap, but I didn't look to meet him hyer. They do say he's made more widders in the Blackfoot tribe nor enny man on the border, an' thet's sayin'a good deal. I don't wonder no longer thet ther imps war ahowlin' an' yowltin' around the stake the way they did, fur when they roped thet chap 'twur a big lick. An' then thet other critter. Dang my ole moccasins of I don't b'leeve the kentry ar' gettin' turned upside downwards. He is goin' fur her, he says. Well, all I hev to say, ar' thet I wish him luck, fur of he ever ketches up with that hoss, I'm a red nigger. But, the lad! What of the imps shed 'a' sn'aked him? I could stand ee'na'most enny thing but that, fur "THE d-l you ar'?" exclaimed Old Grizzly

foods stand ee'na 'most enny thing but that, fur I've got ter be powerful fond uv him, an' no mistake. A pris'ner! Well, mebby he ar', but ef they hev got him, by the etarnal it'll take the hull Blackfoot nation to keep him, es long as I'm feet leeps."

Pausing a few minutes longer, the while look ng wistfully around, as if expecting to see his oung friend emerge from the bushes, the bear-amer shook his head once or twice, and then, as though obeying a sudden prompting, he hrew his rifle upon his shoulder, and started oward the belt of timber he had pointed out to

toward the best of differ to had possible the Avenger.

Carefully threading his way along a thin line of bushes, still uncertain as to whether the Blackfeet had recovered from the panic into which they had, for the second time, been thrown, the bear-tainer struck out rapidly as though heat upon the performance of some

though bent upon the performance of some newly-conceived idea. A walk of less than half an hour brought him to the edge of the timber, and here pausing, he narrowly scanned the country behind in

emingly satisfied, he turned and plunged scennigly saushed, he turned and plunged into the chapparal, turning and twisting here and there so as to blind his trail, until he arrived in front of a tall precipice, that to all appearances barred all further progress. To the unnitiated such would have been the case, but not so with the bear-tamer,

not so with the bear-tamer.

At the base of the cliff, whose broken face was thickly covered with clinging limbs and vines, there lay a huge bowlder that had, at some distant day, fallen from above. Around this huge rock Old Grizzly passed, and from thence into a harrow passway or fissure that cut through the cliffs to an open space beyond. Through this narrow rift in the rock, the bear-tamer made his way, and presently emerged into a small ampitheater, walled in upon every side but one, by great rocks and cliffs that lay piled one upon the other to a great hight. piled one upon the other to a great hight. Upon the right as one entered from the passway, the open country could be seen, stretch away toward where the Indian village lay. here, as elsewhere, the place was inacce save by the entrance we have spoken of. Crossing the level sward the observer would be ight to a stand by a yawning gulf opening eath his feet, the chasm running the entire

length of the seemingly exposed park, and rendering it absolutely impossible of approach.

Upon the side opposite that by which the hunter entered, a large cavern opened its black mouth in the side of the cliff. The seene was a most remarkable one. Not only by reason of the singular natural formation, but because of certain other *lively* adjuncts. Scattered about the grassy plot, in various attitudes, standing, squatting and lying down at full length, were a number of bears, large and small, black, brown,

and grizzly.

All were fastened by chains to heavy stakes driven in the earth, though allowed considerable liberty in length of tether. Standing in watch-ful attitude near the inner termination of the passway, was a huge dog, a cross of the mastiff and bull, his great head lifted to catch the sound of approaching footsteps that were evidently familiar.

As the bear-tamer emerged into the little glade, a perfect storm of sound suddenly broke upon the air. Howls, whines and grunts of glad recognition greeted his advent, while above all rose the deep, full note of the dog, as he bounded forward in wild delight.

"Well, now, ef thet ain't a 'rappy fambly' I don't know what ar! !" elaculated Old Grizzly, with a chuckle. "Down, Blinker! Do 'ee want ter t'ar thur buck skin cl'ar off! Who'll mend 'em up ag'in, I'd like tu know?"

The gambols of the dog ceased instantly, and the bear-tamer proceeded to inspect and feed his family.

The bears, as the dog had done, all evinced the ntmost pleasure in the presence of their master, eagerly seeking the slightest caress, and evincing the most comical jealousy when others than themselves were being petted.

The minor members were quickly passed over, and then came the king of them all.

Near by the mouth of the cavern was fastened a monstrous grizzly, of enormous size and exceedingly fierce aspect. When the hunter first entered, and while the others were displaying their joy, he rose to his feet, and stood gravely surveying the seene, uttering no sound and displaying no impatience. He knew his turn would come at the proper time and calmly waited for it.

"Well, Sampson, my rosebud, how ar' you?"

waited for it.

"Well, Sampson, my rosebud, how ar' you?"
said Grizzly, fearlessly advancing, and laying
his hand caressingly on the great brute's head.

"Hungry, hey? Well, yu'r allers that. But
yur shall hev the buffler in good time," and so
saying, he turned and entered the cave. This
had been fitted up as the bear-tamer's residence,
and had been made a comfortable and convenient place.

venient place.

Piles of skins, traps, ropes and chains, one or two extra rifles and their accouterments, together with sundry odds and ends necessary to the mode of life, were lying promiscuously about the place.

It at once became evident that Old Grizzly had not entered his home with the intention of remaining long.

"Thar's work ahead," he muttered, as he took his rifle from his shoulder and leaned

took his rifle from his shoulder and leaned it against the rock, then stepping to a crevice in the wall, he took out a bunch of tow and returned to where the piece stood. "Your turn turned to where the piece stood. "Your turn fust, Fire Fangs, my beauty," he said, again picking up the rifle. "Whar nice shootin ar' got to be did, thar's nothin like hevin the tool in order."

For several minutes he worked busily at the gum in the mean while muttering to hinself.

For several minutes he worked busily at the gun, in the mean while muttering to himself:

"Yes siree, than's hefty work ahead, thet ar' of the boyee ar' in the han's uv the imps. To think it shed ever hev come to this. The lad sn'aked under my nose an' me not know it. Well, well, it's the fortin' uv all who take the'r chances in Injin fightin', an' I'll warrant the boyee warn't took 'ithout a deal uv trouble. The imps ar' in the'r cantankerous tantrums now, an' ef enny thing ar' to be did, it must be did right away, ef not sooner. I do wonder ef thet chap as calls hisself the Avenger'll kim back? He's a team into a scrimmage, an' he would be a powerful help in gettin' the lad outen the'r grip uv the Blackfeet, but 'kem or not, it don't make no difference nohow. Ef the boyee ar' in thet village, he comes out, ha'r an' all, er else we both goes under together."

It was plain to be seen that the stern old beartamer was deeply moved. As we have said, he loved Alfred Badger as his own son, and it never entered his head to do any thing else than risk, and if necessary, lose his life in attempting his rescue.

Having cleaned Fire Fangs to his satisfaction, he called in the dog with the intention of feeding him before he began that work with his pets outside.

Hardly had the dog entered before a fearful

outside.

Hardly had the dog entered before a fearful tumult was heard without. The bears were again aroused from some cause, and to the quick ear of the hunter the indications were that this time the howls were those of rage, not

pleasure.

"Faggots an' flints, what's up now?" he exclaimed, casting down the chunk of meat he was about dividing for the dog, and rushing from the cave, catching up a heavy club as he

went.

A moment before the scene had been merely a singular one, now it was fearful, for at a glance the bear-tamer took in the situation of affairs.

Upon the extreme right, not far from the edge of the precipice, was chained a huge black bear, but recently caught, and hence not thoroughly under courted.

bear, but recently caught, and hence not thoroughly under control.

Here the greatest noise pervaded, the angry growls and snarls of the brute being mingled with the exclamations of a human voice. With half a dozen panther-like leaps, the bear-tamer crossed the little glade, and rushed headlong into the combat that was going on. He knew not how it came about. Nor did he take time to consider. He only saw that a human being, an Indian lad, was held in the deadly embrace of his savage pet, and felt that he must rescue him.

And it was time that assistance should be

The youth was fighting desperately, but his only weapons were his hands, and these were totally useless for good.

The bear had thrown round his victim his

powerful fore-arms, drawing him in with crushing force, and seeking to fasten his terrible fangs upon the bared throat. As the bear-tamer sprung forward he caught an appealing look from the young Indian, and, rendered furious at this gross breach of discip-

line in one of his pupils, he rushed in, whirling the heavy club above his head.

The bear was evidently cowed, to a certain extent, by the presence of his master, but nevertheless ceased not an instant in his savage at-

Stoop, boy! Stoop!" shouted Old Grizzly. as he sprung from side to side, striving to obtai a blow at the brute's head without endangerin

a blow at the brute's head without endangering the young Indian's life.

So rapid were the evolutions of the combatants, that lit was, for a time, impossible to effect his purpose. The lad, with ready presence of mind, divined the hunter's object, and strove to obey the order to "stoop." But, the grasp that held him was of iron, and he was powerless to move.

"Faggots an' flints! the boyee 'll be chawed up," exclaimed the bear-tamer, in great excite-

exclaimed the bear-tamer, in great excite-nt. "Let go y'u durned varmint! let go, Without finishing the sentence, he dropped the club and hurled himself upon the huge brute, grasping the shaggy throat with both hands, and literally bearing the beast backward

In falling, the bear loosed his hold, and, with a joyful exclamation, the Indian boy sprung to his feet and leaped on one side.

"Re'ch me thet club, youngster," panted Old Grizzly, as he clung to the brute's throat.

The weapon was instantly handed, and, loosing his right hand, the bear-tamer grasped it.

and instantly dealt a stunning blow over the snout that quickly settled the combat.

"Thar', y'u durned brute! take that an' think over it!" he said, as he rose to his feet and turned to the boy.

"Yu've had a narrer go fur it, youngster, I tell y'u. How the blogs did y'u cope by an tell y'u. How the blazes did y'u come hyer, ennyhow?"

ennyhow?"
Without answering the question the young Indian stepped gracefully forward, and, taking the hard hand of the bear-tamer in both his own, looked up into his face and simply said:
"The Man of the Bears has saved the life of Leaping Elk, and he is grateful. Silver Tongue, my sister, the flower of the Blackfeet tribe, has

"What ar' it, lad? What ar' it?" eagerly asked the old hunter.
"Let the Man of the Bears meet my sister, Silver Tongue, at the rock by the falling waters, when the moon is above the mountain in the east. She will then speak the words he must know."

"Dang the moon an' the fallin' waters! What does the gal want uv me? Speak it out, lad," exclaimed the bear-tamer, impatiently.

"Leaping Elk can not speak Let the hunter obey," and, quick as thought, the Indian boy turned, dashed across the open space, and, with a wave of the hand, disappeared within the narrow chasm.

"Cass the boyce! Hyer's me dodgin' about the bresh an' no knowin' whar I'll fetch up. But I'll go of I runs headfor'most into the hull tribe, fur who knows but it may be about the boyce that this gal wants to jabber to me? Wimmen is queer critters: white skin or red hides, they ar possum to may persimmons, they ar': but, I'll bet thet black b'ar's bloody snout ag'in' a beaver ssneeze, thet ef a she-male, with es purty a handle es 'Silver Tongue,' hev see'd my boyee, she hev become eiverfized es quick esturnin' a summerset, an' I'm goin' fur her 'thout winkin'! Hyer, purp! Y'u're on guard ag'in. Jes' y'u keep outen my bed, an' walk aroun' hyer like Gineral Jackson guardin' the Treasury, an' ef thet black b'ar gives ye any of his sass go for him! D'ye hear?"

The 'purp' evidently did hear, for he at once strode out into the area around the bears and commenced his guard walk. Old Grizzly modded his head approvingly, and retreated to his cave to prepare for his night's work.

Hardly had he left ere the dog set up a low, warning growl, and Grizzly reappeared.

"What ar' it, Blink? More Injun boy? Jes' hold y'ur wind an' wait." The dog relapsed into silence and footsteps were plainly heard coming up through the narrow pass.

(To be continued.)

Out in the World: THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DISCOVERY. The bell rung its farewell note; the shrill whistle screamed out its warning, and those who did not propose to make the voyage scrambled down the plank to the wharf. But, so occupied were Romney and Van with the attentions being showered upon them by the passengers, that they took no notice of all this, and played and sung until they paused at length from sheer exhaus-

Then Van felt the boat trembling beneath his feet, and realized at once that the vessel was pushing out into the

He grasped his little foster-sister by the hand, and cried out, excitedly: "Come on, Romney; let's get off-come

The children made their way as fast as they could through the thronged cabin, and down the winding stairs in front of the firedoors. When at length they stood upon the lower deck, the Magnolia was already twenty feet from the wharf. She was swinging out into the stream, stern first, and her bow was grazing the steamer

"Let's jump on the Alma!" exclaimed Van, taking in the situation at one glance; and the next moment he had leaped.

Turning to give his hand to Romney, who was unable to reach the deck unassisted, he

saw that a crowd of deck hands, who were pulling in the hawser, had shoved her back, and now there was a gap of thirty feet between the two boats.
"Van! Van!" cried Romney, wringing her hands in the greatest alarm. "Oh, Van,

come for me !-- come for me !' Her cries were drowned in the confusion

of getting the steamer under weigh, and when she saw that there was no notice taken of her grief, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, and strained her eyes shore-She could see Van, even through her

tears, standing against one of the fenders of the Alma, waving his hat at her. Crash! crash! went the machinery; then the monster wheels thumped the yellow

waters of the river until they blanched white with terror, and sent wreaths of yeasty foam everywhere; and then the Magnolia darted like an arrow down the river, and Romney could see neither Van nor the Alma any more. The child fainted, and fell just at the feet of the rough-shouting mate, her fiddle and

green bag under her. He was a coarse, vulgar fellow, but he had children of his own, and he thought of them; so he stooped down and picked up the little form of the insensible child. What! what's this?-fainted, eh?" he

muttered, and then he carried her up into the cabin, and giving her in charge of the chambermaid, resumed his duties. When Romney opened her eyes, she found Grace Watterson bending over her, and felt her soft white hand pressed upon her feverish head with such a tender touch that she was at once won over to her.

"Oh, where is Van? I want to go home," were her first words.
"You can't go just yet, dear," answered
Grace, "and Van is doubtless by this time
at home."

"But I want to go home with Van. Oh, I'll die if I don't get home to Van!" and again Romney wept—and wept, too, with a bitterness rarely felt by persons as youthful as herself.

You mustn't cry, pet," said Grace, after the first outbreak had in a measure subided. "You must be a good little girl, and will take you back to Van in a few days." The child stopped crying at once, and looking earnestly, beseechingly, up into Grace's face, said

"Will you take me back to Van and Mamma Taggart?" Yes, darling, I will do so-be sure of that.'

Romney put her arms around the neck of Grace, and pursed up her lips to be kissed.

The caress was bestowed with a hearty good-will, and the woman and child were on excellent terms for the remainder of the voyage, although Grace could not prevent Romney weeping herself to sleep every night, because of Van and Mamma Taggart's absence.

The attachment of Grace for the child pleased her husband, and when, on the fourth day out, the former came to him, and winding her arms about his neck in her old winsome way, said, "Chauncey, dear, I would like to adopt this little girl," he kissed her, and replied, "You may do so, if the parents of the youngster consent. I'm sure could not deny you any thing.

That settled the matter, and Grace was almost as anxious to see Mrs. Taggart as was Romney.

When the boat reached St. Louis, Chaun-

cey took his wife and their little charge to the theater.

The play was "The Stranger," and



Madame Thorne, a popular actress, was to be the Mrs. Haller of the evening.

The house was crowded by a fashionable

audience; diamonds and bright eyes flashed in rivalry, and the atmosphere was agree ably sweet with a hundred perfumes. All this amazed little Romney, and pleased her, too, and when the orchestra rolled out an intoxicating, ravishing, delicious strain from "Il Trovatore," she clapped her hands with delight, and, but for Grace's interference, would have shouted her pleasure aloud.

The trio occupied a private box to the left of the stage, and had a fine opportunity of scanning the glittering auditorium.

After the overture had ceased, the prompt

er's bell tinkled musically; then the foot lights flashed up, and with a great rustle, the green baize curtain flew up behind the proscenium arch, and the play was on.
Grace became at once interested in the

pathetic story the players were relating, but Chauncey had seen it so often before that he felt no interest whatever, and so he turned his largnette toward the dress circle, and contented himself with languidly viewing the rows of beauties within range of his

Presently Mrs. Haller spoke, and he almost started from his seat. The voice was full of pathos, rich, ripe, and well-modulated by years of study, but he recognized it at once—it was the voice of Elinor Gregg!

When he turned his gaze upon the stage, a film came between him and her, but it passed away directly, and then his eyes confirmed the evidence of his ears; it was really Elinor Gregg.

There could be no mistaking that—the

same dark, lovely, beautiful woman he had driven from him eight years before. She looked up into the box as she passed off the stage, but did not seem to recognize her be-trayer; and he, feeling his guilt, and fear-ing discovery, shrunk back behind the lace curtains and remained there, partially concealed, until the fifth act terminated; then with his brain in a whirl, and his hear throbbing excitedly, he folded his wife's warm wrappings about her delicate shoul ders, and without seeming to hear Grace's praise of Madame Thorne, hurried out of

CHAPTER XVII.

A BOY'S SACRIFICE.

VAN TAGGART went home to his mother in tears, and told her, as best he could, how he had lost little Romney forever.

Mrs. Taggart cried very hard at first, and then, as she always did, took a second and

more cheerful view of the matter.
"She will come back on the boat, Van," she said; "the captain will be sure and bring her back with him."

Van was doubtful of this for a time, but finally began to think it possible, and ere the third day had passed he found himself searching the columns of the Enquirer for

news of the "Magnolia." At last he commenced to trace her return in the river dispatches. Now she stopped at Evansville for leaf lard; again he heard of her coming through the canal at Louisville, and then on the tenth day of her absence the Times noted her arrival at Madison
There was only one hundred miles be tween Van and Romney now, or at least he hoped that such was the case, and he could do nothing but wander along the wharf and

look eagerly for every new arrival.

It was close to sunset of the tenth day. when Van descried the stately Magnolia rounding the point below the City Gas Works. He found some difficulty now in keeping out of the water-he had such a wild, boyish desire, to swim out and meet Romney before the crowd of hackmen and runners could swarm into the cabin, and be witnesses of the meeting, which he felt would be—at least on his side—tender and

But, however delicious a private interview would have been to the little enthusiast, the risk was altogether too great, and so he contented himself with standing at the very brink of the river, and every now and then waving his cap at the approaching steamer.
When there was but fifty yards between

the Magnolia and the shore, a little fairy form, robed in rich raiment and looking like an angel, tripped out on the guards—and recognizing Van at once, began shouting to him and waving her snowy apron, too, by

It would be a vain task to describe the meeting of Romney and Van. They both shouted and laughed, and then cried—cried partly because of their joy, and partly because of their past grief, and partly because that tears came easy, and words were hard to get out.

After the first outburst had subsided, Van held Romney out at arm's length, and surveyed her from head to foot with a critical

eye. "You're dressed durned nice," he said, at length. "Whose clothes?" and lead Romney These are mine now," replied Romney

"Mrs. Watterson made me a gift of them Don't you think I look pretty?" Van thought she looked very pretty —prettier than ever he had seen her look before, but he was not pleased, after all.

He felt that strangers had done a good deal more for the girl in ten days than he had done in eight years, and he was a little jealous that any person, other than himself should be kind to her, and have this to say.

"I would buy you good clothes, too, if I only had the money," he said, with a sigh.
The girl looked into his serious face with wondering eyes, and, child though she was, detected the truth.

You've bought me many nice things— —and—besides, I'd rather have you with

old clothes than anybody."

Van Taggart stooped down and kissed his foster-sister, and then, boy-like, blushed to the temples and told her to "come on." She could not go without her violin; nor without saying farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Watterson, who had been so kind that she could not help loving them some; and so Van accompanied her back into the cabin, where she met those of whom she was in

Grace, robed in rich pearl-colored silk, kneeled down on the soft velvet carpet and wound her snowy arms around Romney, kissing her on either cheek, and saying,

finally:
"Wouldn't you like to come and live with

Romney looked uneasily at Van, who stood at a little distance swinging his cap backward and forward, his eyes riveted on carpet and his cheeks glowing with

"I couldn't go away from Van and Mamma Taggart," she said; "but, I like you, too, and sometime Van and me will come and play for you. Won't we?"

This query was directed at Van, who managed to stammer out that he would be rlad to do so, if the lady cared for music Grace liked music very much, she replied, and nothing would please her better than to have Van and Romney come out to her place at Clifton, and play for her and Chauncey as often as twice a week.

"You see, we have no children," Grace said, "and we like children very much in-

This was then settled, and Romney and Van bid the Watterson's good-by and hur-ried off to Rat Row, where Mrs. Taggart had a little feast of welcome spread, and where the evening was spent in Mrs. Taggart and Van listening to the little wander-

er's account of her travels.

When, however, they retired that night,
Van appeared more serious than usual, and maintained this demeanor until the third day; when they all arose quite early, and the children started for Clifton full of glee-

ful anticipations.

With some difficulty they found Bolton Place, the suburban residence of the Wattersons. It was a grand old house, with innumerable wings, a columned colonnade, and two tapering minerets ending in gilded globes, which glittered in the sunlight like balls of fire. A low stone wall overgrown with sweetbriar skirted the vast estate on the east and south, but there was no need for any defense or guard on the north and west, since Bolton House stood on the top of a high hill which sloped north and west

into Mill Creek Valley.

"It's a grand place, ain't it?" said Van, after passing the little white lodge of the

"Yes, it's so nice," replied Romney.
"Listen how the birds sing. They never sing that way down at the Row, do they?"
No, he never had heard them sing that way at the Row, nor indeed, for that mat-Row at all, and there was a sadness in his voice when he said, a moment after: "The Row is a gloomy old den, an' it ain't fit for nobody to live in."

Grace was very glad to see the young minstrels; she took them all through the fine house; served them a bounteous lunch in her own room; astonished them with the costliness and grandeur of the drawing-room; dazzled their eager eyes with myriads of flowers in the mammoth glass con servatory, where no end of cascades leaped out of mossy bank and over artificial mountain-peaks, falling into crystal basins flecked with water-lilies.

flecked with water-lilies.

At last, after a survey of the premises, the children played some of Mozart's sweetest music from the sprightliest of all his compositions, "Don Giovanni," and then Grace treated them to a little of Balfe on the piano; after thanking her for which, the minstrels walked into the city, highly delighted with Bolton Place and its mistress. This was especially true of Romney, who never seemed to tire of praising Grace, nor

never seemed to tire of praising Grace, nor of expatiating on the beauties of her rural home, while Van acquiesced in every thing she said, but grew more silent and moody

every day.

Before a great many days had elapsed from the date of the first visit, Romney and Van went out to Bolton Place again, and passed an enjoyable time, and on the succeeding day Chauncey Watterson astonished the denizens of Rat Row by making a for-

mal call on Mrs. Taggart.

He remained a long while; and when he went off at last Mrs. Taggart was crying.

Ere she could remove the traces of her grief, Romney and Van came home, and then she told them frankly what Chauncey had said to her concerning Romney. had said to her concerning Romney.
"He wants to adopt you," she said, "and

take you away from us."
"But I won't go;" and this was said in a prompt and decided manner.

"That's what I told him," said Mrs. Taggart—"that you would never go," and then the girl and woman were folded close Van did not speak, but sat apart, silent

and moody Before the children slept that night, Mrs. Taggart related to the mystified Romney the story of her advent in Rat Row, winding up the narrative, at last, by saying: "But, no real mother ever loved a real daughter better than I love you, and Van, there, I'm sure, thinks more of you than most brothers think of their sisters."

This romantic revelation did not impress the girl as it would have done an older person, but, when she kissed Van "good night," an hour later, she blushed unconsciously, and felt very much like crying because he was not her real brother.

After she was fast asleep, Van, who always sat up later, said to his mother, in a calm, serious voice: "It ain't right to keep Romney in this place, when she has a chance to do so much

Mrs. Taggart opened her eyes in astonishment, and replied: "But, we couldn't give her up to strangers—we would be so lonesome for her.'

We are strangers to her, too," he said, "We are strangers to her, too, he said, after a pause, "and what's our lonesomeness got to do with it? It appears selfish to keep her down because by giving her up we would suffer a little. If she 'misses' this 'ere chance, she'll suffer a good deal more than we will."

"But, Van, I thought you liked her too much to give her up?" So I does," he replied, his eyes filling "better than anybody can guess—better than I can tell; and because I do like her,

that's why I would sacrifice my feelings to see her get on in the world."

"And you would advise her to go to Bolton Place?"

Yes, an' I'll go out in the morning and He broke down now, and, ashamed of his tears, turned his face to the wall.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 77.)

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BLOW. THAT night when Minerva Ames sprung from Malcolm Arlington's carriage, at the door of her father's house, she hardly bade the banker good-night. She hurriedly entered the mansion, not asking her lover to come in. Her mind seemed occupied with

some dark topic.

er's, was thinking of Mother Moll's ominous

Had those words startled Minerva? Had they turned her thoughts from him? The image of Lorin Gray arose in his mind; Malcolm Arlington knew him well enough. A bitter feeling of jealousy took sion of him.

Had he—this common millman, a place in the bosom of the aristocratic Minerva? The banker drove slowly away with these dark thoughts in his soul. He determined this very night to know more of the strange He was well aware of an old-time rumor, that Minerva Ames held the operative in high esteem; but now, she had given

him her heart and hand! When Minerva was in the house, she hurried by the parlor, and ascended the stairs to her room. Within her chamber, she flung her hat and shawl upon the bed, and

sunk into a chair. After sitting for several moments she ex

claimed, bitterly:
"Oh! Heavens! what can all this mean Father! father! you are to blame for this! You have tied the millstone around my neck! Yet, ah! bright thought, is it too late, even now, to say nay to Malcolm Arlington? Can I not, at this late time, go back to Lo-

She paused as the thought came to her; a bright glow sprung to her cheek; a spar-kle of enthusiasm and hope to her eye.

But, these signs of emotion passed away, as suddenly as they had kindled.
"No, no!" she cried. "The die is cast! I can not relinquish my position in society; I can not become the wife of a man who is unable to support me, in ease and luxury Ny purpose is fixed; my heart is settled.

She suddenly ceased her murmurings, as the bell rung with a loud, startling clangor.
"Who can it be?" she muttered. "Father is out. Can it be Malcolm Arlington distrusting my silence and queer conduct toward him. Come to chide me, to— Ha, Mary?" she exclaimed, as that moment, after a premonitory rap, the girl opened the

"A gentleman, who wishes to see you, ma'am. " His card, Mary."

"He sent none; he seemed to be in a great hurry, ma'am."
"Ah! 'Tis all right then, Mary," and

Minerva, dismissing the servant, arose. For an instant she looked like one bewildered. But she turned to the mirror, hastily rearranged her somewhat disordered tresses and with a sweeping scrutiny of her superb person, left her chamber and descended the

She paused as she stood at the parlor door; she had heard the hasty, heavy stride of a man inside. Her hand trembled as it rested on the bolt.

But, summoning all her resolution, she opened the door and stood within the room. She started wildly as her gaze fell on the tall, brawny figure of a coarsely-clad man. His back was toward her. But, at that instant, he turned. "You, you Lorin Gray!" she said, in a

deep, indignant voice—a voice severe and harsh. "What would you have?" The man strode toward her, his face a wild scene of contending emotions. A mo-ment and he had reached her; then he was

upon his knees before her. Ere she could prevent him, he had clasped her hand in There was a bitter, yearning glance in his eye; but a storm of words was upon his lips. He could not quell that storm; it

burst forth like a surcharged mountain tor-

"Oh! Minerva!" he cried, in a voice of anguish. "Oh! darling Minerva, say that horrid revelation is false! Say that the scheme was concocted between you and my old mother! Say that she spoke but to wean me from you! Oh! Minerva, I heard all, ay, every word, every syllable! And I have hurried hither to learn from you the truth, to hear you brand the whole dreadful thing as false. Oh! Minerva, I love but you! I can not live without you. I may be poor; but I'll work for you, slave for Say that you have not flung me off!

Speak, speak Minerva, I implore you!'

For a moment there was a bitter struggle in the bosom of Minerva Ames. A wild storm was sweeping over her, too. Then it was gone. The working, twitching features grew calm; the eyes became like stone in the steadiness of their stare, and an iron-like rigidity contracted her features.

With a sudden gesture, she wrenched her hand from his, and answered:

"Are you crazed, Lorin Gray? Or do you foolishly, madly dream that you can thus come into my presence and speak such words to me? Am I to blame that you should thus act? Have I, out of gratitude, for a service you once rendered me, and for which money was offered you, falsely led you on? No, no. You are certainly presuming to make use of such language to me. Surely you have forgotten, that between you and myself, a wide gulf stretches; that you are a common workman—I, a banker's daughter. No, Lorin Gray; let me hear no more of this. I am the promised wife of Mr. Malcolm Arlington. Now, my good man, you had better begone."

She waived him contemptuously away. Lorin Gray slowly arose to his feet. His head was still bowed-perhaps to conceal the wild tempest of passion which wa speeding like a hurricane over his face. He clutched his hands one in the other, as if by his giant's strength he would crush back the agony which was rending his soul Then, as he reared his form to its full hight, he raised his face until his eyes met hers.

Minerva Ames never forgot that look. She shuddered in her inmost bosom.

Then the man spoke: 'I have heard you, Minerva, and I bow obedience to your words. I did love you, as man never loved woman; but my love

has gone forever! The girl started. "I was presumptuous, Minerva; yet I never forgot that I was a poor workingman, and an honest man. I thought, too, that in this broad, fair land of ours, where worth and honesty, truth and virtue should be recognized, and where I know them to dwell that the barrier which society and mone have erected between the classes-between you and I, Minerva, might be removed. I was mistaken! I loved you honestly, not for the money you would have brought me not for the position you could have given me; for money I can make, and I claim no other position than that I hold—that of an honest, God-fearing man. But, my love for you has been crushed, forever crushed. It Mr. Arlington wondered at this strange conduct, and his brow grew black. He was recalling the scene at the old fortune-tell-may be, I'll always pray. I am grateful for

the kindness you have shown me, and for the consideration with which you have always treated me. I can never forget the hours of serene, unclouded joy I have spent in this house, in the sunshine of your presence. Yet, Minerva, I was deceived when I thought that I could love none other than you. The barrier between you and myself was too high to be climbed; I should have known it. Now, that it is reared still higher, even beyond where my vision can pene trate, my heart turns to another, the right one, as, alas! I have learned too late."

Minerva started violently as his closing words fell on her ear. Her face paled. Her eyes stared at him, and she strove to speak; but her tongue refused her utter-

ance.

"There is a poor girl here, but one as pure and pretty as Lawrence can boast, one with a sweet face and an angel's heart, who, like myself, is poor. She works in the mill, too. From her honest love I turned, long ago, to you. Her dying father gave her into my care. I have been wickedly false to my trust. I will seek her. Farewell, Minerva; may Heaven's choicest blessings be yours! I go to Bessie Raynor!" go to Bessie Raynor!"

"Bessie Raynor: Good heavens! Oh, Lorin, I will—"

But the millman, suddenly seizing his hat, left the room. A moment and the front door closed.

He was gone, never more to return as the suitor of Minerva Ames.

The banker's daughter had sprung toward him as he uttered his last words; but, when she heard the door close, she sunk to the

floor in a swoon. Lorin Gray had not proceeded ten pace from the residence when, suddenly, a tall form stood in his way, and a strong hand clutched him by the arm. He started back and, in a moment, had assumed the de

'Hold, fellow, and answer me!" exclaim ed the other, in a deep voice of passion. "I saw all through the window; I saw you take Minerya Ames' hand; I saw you speaking appealing words to her. Tell me how dare you do such a thing; tell me, or I'll chastise you at once!"

He strengthened his grasp as he uttered the words.

Lorin Gray's blood boiled in his veins.

"I know you, Mr. Arlington," he said, in a low, menacing voice. "But I'll answer you, nor any man, by threats. Out of my way, or take the consequences!"

"Hold, fellow, I say, or—"

He raised his cane threateningly over the willness, shoulders.

millman's shoulders.

Lorin Gray did not wait. He sprung forward, and seizing his opponent by the shoulders, hurled him, like a puppet, to the pavement. Without waiting to see the consequences, he strode on.

Malcolm Arlington, discomfited and defeated, slowly arose, and shaking his clench-

ed hand after the operative, muttered, in a hissing tone:
"By heave heaven! you shall pay for this! Oh, Minerva!"

CHAPTER XXX.

STUNG TO THE QUICK. LORIN GRAY, with his eyes fixed steadily before him, hurried on. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He had almost forgotten, though only a few moments had passed, his encounter with Malcolm Arlington. His soul was full of wild passions, and under a sudden inpulse, a sudden recollection of needlection of the standard passion of the standard pass collection of neglected duties, he strode forward, bent on the consummation of one object. He was soon in Canal street, and then on the smaller way, overhanging the sluggish water on which was situated the

Raynor mansion.

When he had reached the humble home where Bessie and her brother lived, his heart beat tumultuously for a moment. He had undergone much that night, enough truly, to try him, but his blood leaped madly along his veins. He would not stop now He had been negligent of a holy task; he had not encouraged the love of a pure and gentle maiden. This night, this hour, he

would make amends. He rapped on the door.
It will be remembered that we left Bessie sinking in a swoon on the floor of her brother's room, after seeing that the chest was empty, that chest in which she expected her wealth, to find that which would take her and her crippled brother out of the din and clatter of the Pemberton Mill.

She lay for several moments there, as one dead. The wounded brother could not as sist her; he could not now summon that supernatural strength which enabled him to rise from his bed and stand between the vengeful knife of Nancy Hurd and his sis-He lay there and prayed God for help.

Bessie slowly recovered, and crept again to her brother's bedside. Then, between these two lone ones a long. earnest, heart-confiding conversation ensued and conjointly they lifted their feeble voice and committed themselves to His care, to Him who had promised shelter to the shorn and food for the fatherless. Then a holy calm rested over them. Bessie Ray nor, worn out and exhausted, leaned her

head upon the bed and slept.

An hour and a half sped by, when Bessie suddenly awakened. A rap had sounded on the door. A shade of fear came to the girl's face. "Who can it be?" she murmured. "'Tis late, and—oh! heavens, can it be Black

Phil! Heaven preserve me! In his hands I am powerless. Another rap, louder, and as if impatient, echoed in the room below.

"I must go!" she continued.

Tremblingly she took up the lamp, and with an inward, heart-felt invocation for her safety, she stole from the room and descended the stairs.

In a moment, she was in the room in which her dead father had lain. The window of that room was up, that the apartment might be aired Bessie fearingly went to the door and

opened it. "You, Lorin!" and she started back, yet there was relief, a half-concealed joy in her "Yes, Bessie, it is I," he said, at once entering and seating himself, as if exhausted.

Bessie Raynor soon recovered herself: a hard, half-stern frown came to her face, and she turned away, as if to leave the

apartment. Oh! Bessie, have you no word for me!" exclaimed the millman, noting her move-ment, noting her face, and he half arose from the chair.

"What would you have, Lorin Gray?
The hour is late, and I am a poor, lone girl,
unprotected, undefended, and a sad, brokenhearted occupant of a house in which death has lately been! What would you have of

The girl's words were like ice, and they were spoken calmly, quietly, dignifiedly.

Lorin Gray recoiled; his eyes seemed starting from his head, his broad chest rose and fell turnultural. and fell tumultuously. For a whole minute he gazed at her, as she stood, lamp in hand,

he gazed at her, as she stood, lamp in hand, half turning toward him.

"Can you not speak, Lorin Gray?" she asked, in a severe tone, "or have you lost utterance? Or," and her eyes flashed, "after seeing her, and basking in her smiles, have you come hither to insult me in my poverty? Speak, I say, and then—we had better say good-night!"

It came hard to believe that this was the

It came hard to believe that this was the meek-eyed, gentle-faced Bessie Raynor who was speaking those bold, cutting words of

Lorin Gray started violently. His face first reddened, then paled. How had she known of his visit to the elegant mansion on Lawrence street. Had she seen him there, that night, and heard the words and witnessed the scene? If so, then, indeed, was he in her power.

He arose and approached her, but she

again drew away.
"Why do you shun me, Bessie? Am I a
villain, am I a leper, or am I not, as ever,

"My friend?"
"My friend? Why, Lorin Gray, do you so soon forget? I say again, the time is speeding; the time is late. I have a crippled brother, as you—"

"Oh, Bessie, you are cruel! Listen to me, dear Bessie! I come to renew my old wows to you, to respect the last directions of your dying father. I come to tell you, Bessie, that whatever has been my conduct during the last few days, my heart is in the right place, now that my eyes have indeed been opened. Oh, Bessie! I was deceived -deceived by my own heart-deceived and led on by a woman, who would win me and my love but to crush me, and to scorn it. I have been rudely awakened. I now know that I did not love Minerva Ames! Oh, Bessic, you and I have been together for many years; your father left you to my care; I will not bring discredit on that trust by neglecting it! Bessie, my heart is on fire, and I must speak! I love you, Bessie—you alone. Oh! say, darling, that you forgive me my waywardness; that you will pardon my transgression; that you will take me back again to your heart! Oh, Bessie, speak!"

As he spoke, he threw himself impulsively before her, and grasped her hand.

At that instant, a low, agonizing wail sounded faintly on the air and echoed in the room.

Then all was still. But, Lorin Gray nor Bessie Raynor heard the wail, for the old tree in the yard was

the wail, for the old tree in the yard was sighing dolefully.

Slowly the girl recovered herself; she had been touched and shaken by his appeal. She disengaged her hand from his, and, stepping toward the staircase, said, in a low, deliberate tone:

"This can not be, Lorin! Let the past be buried; but, you and I must walk in separate paths. A time was, when"—she hesitated—"when, I'll not deny, Lorin, that you were dear to my heart. That time has gone by. You have deceived me, Lorin; yet, for the sake of old times and the joys of other days, we'll still be friends. And of other days, we'll still be friends. And now, good-night."

Without waiting a moment—not even to

receive his parting salutation, she turned from him and hurried up-stairs. The young man stood like one in a dream, there in the solemn darkness of the

room. Then, as a great sob, which he could not suppress, burst from him, he murmured: Lost! lost!" He staggered to the door, thence out into the inky darkness of the street. That low wail came from Minerva Ames!

She had quickly recovered after Lorin Gray had left her father's mansion. A fire was burning in her soul. She could not remain in the house. "Bessie Raynor!" was Heedless of the hour, and of every thing else, she had stolen forth. Silently she had witnessed the encounter between her two lovers; and then, as Malcolm Arlington had turned off, she darted on in the foot-

steps of Lorin.

She kept him in sight, all the way, and, finally, saw him enter the home of Bessie Raynor. Then, through the open window, she had witnessed the thrilling scene with-

in; and then sunk fainting to the pave-

But, just then, a strong arm was reached out. It caught her, and buoyed her up.
"Be strong—be brave, Minerva," said a deep voice at her elbow—that voice, kindly.
"I, too, have seen all. I followed you here. Now, darling, I hope you are cured

of this fellow. Come; I'll see you home.

Minerva turned to the man. "You are right—ay, very right!" and she fairly hissed the words. "If never before, now, at last, I'm yours, Malcolm Arlington! We'll begone."

The next day, as Lorin Gray, stern and sad-faced, stood at his frame in the Pemberton Mill, a gentleman of dignified appearance approached him, and placed a letter in his hand. He said he would await an an-

The millman glanced at the superscription, opened, and read the letter. It was

"Mr. Lorin Gray:
"Sh:—In this country, all men are, or should be, equal. Looking at the matter in that light, I recognize you as my equal. I demand of you redress, or an apology, for the insult of last night. Notify my friend, Gol. Thornton, who hands you this, to whom he can go as your friend. Or, an apology, ample enough to satisfy Col. Thornton, will be satisfactory to me. Respectfully,

"MALCOLM ARLINGTON."

Lorin Cray did not start or change colors.

Lorin Gray did not start or change color. For a moment he reflected; then excusing himself to Col. Thornton, he drew out a pencil, and taking Mr. Arlington's sheet, he wrote on the back of it, as follows:

Mr. Arlington:
"My Dear Sir:—There is no cause for quar-"MY DEAR SIR:—There is no cause for quarrel between us. I did love Minerva Ames, honestly. I love her no more. This is upon the honor of a man who never yet told a falsehood. I wish you and Minerva all happiness and contentment. We will not quarrel, sir.

"Respectfully, yours,
"LORIN GRAY."

That night when, in his office, Malcolm Arlington read those few scribbled lines in pencil, he brushed a hasty tear from his iron-gray eyes, as he muttered:
"An honest fellow, and a real gentleman, if one lives. By Jove! I pity him!



NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full-state, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly at expiration of subscription.
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have hem.

[37] All communications, subarrent suba

THE HUNTER-AUTHOR, CAPTAIN J. F. C. ADAMS, AGAIN!

"The Wizard of the Pen," as he is now denominated, in this issue of the SATURDAY

JOURNAL gives us the opening chapters of OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER, THE WILD HUNTRESS OF THE HILLS.

Wherein the readers of forest and wilderness romance are once more to be made captives to the enchanting pen of the author of THE PHANTOM PRINCESS, whose issue created such a sensation among the old-stock writers. Com ing from the hand of 'Young Bruin Adams'the veritable nephew of the veritable Old Grizzly, and with whom he had camped, and hunted, and explored, and fought Indians, for nearly five years, in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains-it was so new, so fresh, so life-like and expressive that it fell like a bomb in the midst of the hackneyed authors of stories of the Wilderness. In this his second contribution we have the famous Old Grizzly

As a Bear Captor and Tamer, As a Hunter and Trapper,
As a Scout and Indian-Fighter, As a Friend truer than steel,

As an inveterate Joker and Wit, standing out as the real hero of a romance which involves several other singular and most impressive characters, viz.: The Fierce Red Avenger;

The Mysterious Woman-Hunter;
The Beautiful Blackfoot Queen; The Young Captive Ranger; The Noble Indian Boy; The Trained Bears;

all of whom are active participators in a serie of acts and incidents which awaken a marvelous and intense interest, from the beginning The story is so invested with the very life of the wild region of its locale that it reads like a veracious narrative. This is one of the characteristics of "Young Bruin's" style; you feel that he knows of what he speaks, and speaks from the fullness of his knowledge of the men and ways of the wild and remote West. If the Phantom Princess pleased and charmed readers this will excite and astonish them, and add another to the list of Captain Adams' memorable exploits, and make him a still greater favorite with the SATURDAY JOUR NAL readers-for whom he writes exclusively

Our Arm-Chair.

Just What it is Not .- A correspondent e from a Philadelphia

"Albert W. Aiker, announces a new play at the Brooklyn Park Theater, entitled "The Witches of New York," which promises an unlimited supply of blood Bowie-knives, dance-houses, scalping, fire, etc., to the lovers of the chaste drama."

Some men are born to greatness; others have greatness thrust upon them: but the writer of the above earns his title to-well, say to making mistakes on purpose. He states just what "The Witches" are not. Possibly his readers understand his peculiar mode of paragraphing by contraries, and therefore make all necessary allowances; but, as the great public may chance upon the paragraph and be misled, we state that the drama is one of substantial literary merit and high dramat ic quality-neither troubled with "blood and thunder" nor immoral moral-is most chastely and admirably rendered by an extremely carefully-selected company, and is destined to a widespread and a long continued popu-

Who is Responsible?-A lady corres it is simply horrible that the papers in the city should print so much about the recent awful developments regarding a certain crime." Just so; but, how is it to be prevented? The intense and morbid curiosity, of all classes of people, to learn every particular in these revolting cases, is the papers' excuse for reporting every thing attainable and

The papers, however, are guilty in another sense—very guilty. In publishing the adverder the guise of "doctors" (male and female), announce their readiness to commit pre natal murder-the paper gives that publicity which alone can send victims to the slaughter If the proprietors of certain of our daily and weekly journals would, not only refuse these "medical" advertisements, but would, at the same time, hand the applicant over to the courts, the Alice Bowlsby and Mary Russell horrors would cease.

No doubt hundreds of young women have perished in the same awful manner, for these professed doctors are, almost without exception, the veriest charlatans in medicine and surgery; and the fact that these literal human hyenas have, in many instances, earned fortunes in the practice of their horrid profession shows how prevalent must have been the crime to which they pander.

It is, indeed, a sad, sad story; but, now that it has been told, let us hope that an aroused public opinion will hold that paper fully responsible which inserts the advertisements of these "medical" vampires.

A Noted Character. - The old "man of the bears" (with whom his nephew, the Hunter-Author, so long lived in the far West) was one of the most wonderful bear-hunters, trappers, wood-rangers and Indian-fighters who ever lived. His whimsical talk, his irrepressible humor, his unselfishness, his bravery, his powers of endurance, his mastery over the brute creation, his knowledge of Indian craft and his cunning-all are matters of record and

are yet the theme of many a camp story and bivouac "varn."

Old Grizzly Adams is well remembered in the Atlantic States, to which he returned after a ten years' absence, with some sixteen or twenty bears, among them the celebrated ountain grizzly named Old Sampson. This magnificent beast weighed nearly sixteen hundred pounds, and stood in his tracks fully as high as a large ox. He was captured by old Adams in a "fair fight," and was so tamed that he was ridden many a mile by the great bear-tamer. The exhibition of these bears, by Adams, formed one of the most unique and in-teresting "shows" that ever were opened for the amusement and edification of the people.

The introduction of Old Grizzly, the Bear-Tamer, into romance, is, in itself, a source of interest; but when the character is handled by one who had enjoyed his love, had participated in his wild life, had shared his danger and his triumphs, it becomes both inexpressibly interesting and enticing.

The romance "Old Grizzly, the Bear-Tamer; or, The Wild Huntress of the Hills," will have a great run, and will prove to be one of the most popular stories which ever appeared in our popular weekly press.

Hit it Again !- A leading New York daily hus refers to CHARLES READE'S last novel, which has appeared as a serial in Harper's Weekly, Every Saturday and Day's Doings:

"It is a piece of carrion literature, whose putres cence attracted the keen scent of the publishers, and whose sickening odor, thanks to their enterprise, now pervades the land. For they did not miscalculate the public mind nor count in vain on the baser appetites. From the prairies of Dakota to the boundaries of Maine the book is everywhere uppermost in the armful of novels that the newsboy carries through the cars, and even the advertisement we now give it can add nothing to its publicity."

This is severe, but is it not just? It is this kind of censure which must purify the literary atmosphere and prevent authors and publishers alike from walking in forbidden

Artemus Ward.—For this queer genius, as well as for a large number of other queer geniuses, the West—and Ohio especially—was and is responsible. We have in hand some reminiscences of the "showman"—now, alas! but a memory-by our "Fat Contributor (another Ohio product), which will be read with a melancholy pleasure. The two wits were fellow "locals," in Cleveland, Ohio; and if Mr. Griswold would only tell all his "experiences" with Artemus, we should have something that would, indeed, "set the table in a roar." We will soon make place for the reminiscences.

DIGNITY.

GLANCING over a newspaper the other day I saw and read a notice of a church (I won't mention the denomination) who were looking for a pastor, and who had resolved not to hire a minister who played croquet.

I remarked, "I supposed they thought it beneath a preacher's dignity to play cro-

"Dignity's a humbug!" observed a friend who stood by. And if dignity consists in having to wear a long, grave face, and limbs afraid to make a free motion, why I quite

agree with my friend.

But, true dignity consists in no such thing. True dignity, to my mind, is a certain nobleness of demeanor and integrity of action which will prevent us from stooping to any little meanness, and command the involuntary respect of all with whom we associate. But, it is not inconsistent with cheerfulness of manner, or with the partaking of any healthful exercise.

Why! I thought people in this age of the world were far enough advanced in the annals of "muscular Christianity" to be beyond any such old-fogy notions as that! I pity the pastor who takes charge of that benighted church who want a minister who don't play croquet! I hope they may at last have to take a big, strong fellow, who is not only full of the sweet spirit of his Master, but full of the health and physical strength his Master has given him. And I hope he will not only preach them good sermons on Sunday, but, on a week day will invite them into his yard and say Come, brethren, let us have a good game

I think a few good, earnest games would quicken their slow blood into more healthful action, and develop an innocent goodhumor, which would banish some of their quips and cranks immediately

I consider it more ennobling to true dignity to be willing to pause a moment from the consideration of weightier matters, and join in innocent out-of-door games or the recreations of the social circle, than to sit in a solitary corner in awful, unapproachable grandeur, with a "Don't-you-wish-youwere-as-mighty-as-I?" expression of countenance, and growl at those who do.

I think it is a blessing to men who, having spent studious lives, are possessed, even to old age, of enough of the freshness of youth to yield them an interest in lively, healthful sports, such as are designed to de velop and benefit our physical natures.

Heaven save us from long-faced, assumed dignity, which is appropriate to nothing but a purblind owl who sits on the bough and winks and blinks at Heaven's own sunshine and imagines himself very stately, when in truth he is nothing but ridiculous! And, Heaven give us more ministers, and other men, too, who are not afraid or ashamed to play croquet, or base-ball, or any other sport which has healthy exercise for its basis.

And, above all, Heaven enlighten that poor, benighted church who don't want a nan for a minister, until they shall every one not only be willing to join their pastor in a game of croquet, but in any thing else where Christianity and common sense may go hand-in-hand together.

MATRIMONY.

WHEN I came to the time of reading story books, and interested myself in the love-af-fairs of others, I thought it wouldn't be a bad plan to think of the sort of marriages I would have, were I to write a story, or plunge into that sea myself. My opinion hasn't much altered since then, and if the few hints I throw out are of any service to you, I'm sure you're w loome to them.
I wouldn't have the exact opposites—the

very rich and very poor—wed, because the former would be always boasting of their wealth, and asking the other "what she supposed she would have been if he hadn't married her?" "She ought to be thankful that he condescended to wed one so be-neath him," and such like foolish talk. That style of language wouldn't suit me one

bit. There's too much pepper in my com-position to stand it. I should flare up and tell him that he didn't feel in such con-descending moods when he came to see me, or begged me to be his wife. I'd tell him that I used to inform him I had only my face for my fortune, and he said that was beyond riches; "so I consider I've got as much wealth as you." But all this will lead to bickerings, and more hateful things can not be found. So we'd all better wed in our spheres. I am going to. Millionaires need not apply!

Don't marry a man on account of his

dress; it's oftentimes deceptive. Perhaps it isn't paid for; maybe he has so much time to attend to the adornment of his outer self that he doesn't find any for the cultivation of his heart? It's not good policy to choose a husband by the number and shades of his neckties, or a wife by the smallness of her kid gloves. None of these will bring hap-piness, and I firmly believe married folks ought to be happy, even though Mrs. D. Vorce says it is not necessary at all. Does she think people want to be wrangling and quarreling all the time? I tell you what, Mrs. D. Vorce, if you'd had as warm a welcome at our grandmothers' and grandfathers' hearths as you seem to have in some modern households, we shouldn't have been blessed with so many reminiscenses of old-time love as we have been privileged to do.

It's not wise to have too much difference in your ages, and I believe there's a law forbidding a person from marrying his grand mother. What a pity girls can not be pre vented from marrying men old enough to be their grandfathers! I've seen May and December united, but I did not notice that there was much love between them. The old man was in a continual worry, for fear his young wife would marry again after he left this world, and if you could judge by the way May looked upon a masculine May, who was quite an Apollo, it certainly seem ed as though she *meant* to do it.

How much better mated those persons are who wed in their own sphere and station in life! What a picture of comfort is presented to your view as you enter the home of the young mechanic! There is his wife busily getting the supper ready with her own hands, and glancing at the clock every moment, counting the minutes before his return; and when she hears his step on the pavement, how she runs to meet and greet him! I wouldn't wonder if they actually hugged and kissed each other. Now, if she had wed old Proudgold, would she have dared to meet him in that manner? Not a bit of it. Yet she had the chance of wed ding him, but she preferred the sunburnt face and rough hands, and honest heart, of the young mechanic to all the great houses rich carpets, and costly furniture of old Proudgold and his long line of ancestors he made so much boast of.

Girls, a word with you. Don't look forward to marrying rich husbands. Look, rather, to wedding *good* ones. As the business men say, "It will pay" in the end. Let silk wed silk, and fustian wed fustian. There'll be less harsh words and more kind deeds in matrimonial life, and fewer di-

Now, don't tell me, after I have written so much kindly and well-meant advice, that "this is all old maids' talk," because it isn't. It's solemn truth. I know I've a peppery disposition, but I can be just as solemn as an owl, when I want to be. Just heed these lines:

"Like blood, like goods, like ages, Make the happiest marriages." EVE LAWLESS.

ECOTISM.

THE greatest pest of society is the egotist whose constant use of the vowel "I" ren ders himself any thing but an agreeable companion, and if you are not ill-bred enough to tell him that his conversation is not agreeable to you, you must hear him to

If he is an author, he will continue to ring in your ears how many periodicals he contributes to, how high he is paid for his articles, how much the editors think of him and how many papers copy his productions. But you will never find him to be candid enough to tell you when he has an article rejected. That is not in the egotist's nature He can find plenty of fault with other people's brain-work, but none with his own. If you good-naturedly point out his short comings, you make an enemy of him, and in his shallow brain he puts you down as a person without judgment or taste.

If the egotist be a professional singer, he

will always desire to "warble" a few songs before you. His whole conversation i about the reputation he has, and what the press and public say about him. There wa a case of a singer, who was traveling through one of our large States, and, putting on a great many braggadocio airs, asked person if he had never read any of the no tices of his performances. The other answered that he had, and forthwith produced a paper. It wasn't a very complimentary notice, as you will see: "We have heard Mr. D—sing, and we have heard an owl hoot. We prefer the owl." Any one but an egotist would have been taken down by that, but, not so with the singer. He pronounced it all the work of a rival, who wanted to be as great a singer as he was and couldn't.

But, egotism is not confined entirely to public life It pervades the domestic circle as well. You'll find mothers praising up their own children, much to the detriment of others, until one would imagine hers were quite a model to follow. If her Bob does so, it must be right, and she can see no impropriety in any thing her Grace does. Can you wonder that the children put on and think themselves perfection, such ideas have been engrafted into them ever since they can remember?

It is natural we should think more of our own kith and kin, but it is the hight of rudeness to boast about them. We all like praise; it encourages us to do better; but, how it spoils all a person's talents and merits for him to brag about them.

There must be plenty of other topics of conversation to talk about in this world than ourselves, so we should not have to fall back upon that. I had rather have for a friend the dryest conversationalist than one eaten up with egotism.

A MORE glorious ideal dwells in our soul han any which it is given us to shape forth by pen or pencil upon earth; yet we go on amid our hopes and struggles, like the mariner, tossed from day to day on the waves of some stormy sea, yet each night dreaming of peace and security on

MR. AIKEN'S NEW STORY!

We have in hand for early issue a new ro mance from the pen of Albert W. Aiken, which

POWER, INTEREST AND BEAUTY

will eclipse any thing he yet has done, splendid as have been his literary conquests. It is so much a matter of course for us to present surprises, that readers expect each new serial to be new, in the widest sense, but in this instance we have a story

SO WILD, SO WEIRD, SO STRANGE!

that we would be doing both author and read ers injustice not to announce the nature of his next contribution to the columns of the SA-TURDAY JOURNAL. It is a work that long has been forming in the author's brain, first being suggested by a remarkable character in actual life.

THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS!

whose doings yet form the theme of wonder around many a camp-fire and bivouac. With this strange being as a central figure, Mr. Aiken has constructed, with consummate art, a story that enlists all his power as a delineator of character-all his skill as a dramatist;

A MASTERPIECE IN SERIAL ROMANCE to whose perusal every lover of American fiction may look forward with exciting anticipa

Foolscap Papers. Concerning People.

THE Amazons were a nation of fierce and warlike red-headed women, who, at a very ancient day, chased their husbands away from home, asserted their independence, showed the world they could go it alone, and went it. They established a Sorosis, and sent their lecturers with their satchels the world to sow (about all about through the world to sow (about all the sewing they did) discord among con-tented females and to gain converts. They did their own talking, their own voting, and their own fighting. It was a splendid sight to see a regiment of their soldiers drawn up in (crino) line of battle, or on dress parade, all abreast, fully armed with revolving broomsticks, breach-loading mops, long-range buckets of hot dish-water, two-edged skillets, terribly destructive dish-rags and cruel and scorching tongues, wearing all their ammunition—that is to say, all their powder—on their faces, uniformed with parasols, waterfalls, regulation shoes (kid, with high heels), killing bloomers, curls warranted to capture the enemy on sight, handkerchiefs charged with deadly musk, their polished arms shining in the sun, and their sleeves rolled up.

The Amazons got along very well for a while, but, during a conflict with a neigh-boring nation, against whom they had declared war because their newspapers had ridiculed them, so many men were taken prisoners that they were at a loss to know what to do with them, but, as a last resort, to punish them cruelly for life, they married them, and the constitution was amended by the substitution of the words "female and male" where only the word "female" had been before. There is a good deal of bustle been before. There is a good deal of bustle lately in connection with the attempt to start a modern nation of this kind, but the footing is not very sure—being founded solely on woman's rights—and lefts.

Finland lies a good many degrees beyond the North Pole, and the natural consequence is that it is so cold that every thing would freeze up if every thing wasn't already

The inhabitants are divided into two classes, male and female; they are brave and generous, with unpretending habits and

The main occupation of these finish-ed gentlemen is riding about in sledges drawn by reindeers, with the roaring Borealis lighting up the sky in the distance, as you

have seen in pictures in your geographies. In the pursuit of an honest living some years ago I took a cargo of linen clothing there and exchanged it for their fur suits, by which means half the country was depopulated—froze to death.

The main occupation of the women is milking reindeers and doing all the work and chopping wood when it is too cold for the men to be out, for wives in that country

are very valuable, and have the supreme control of all the hard work. The Finns live on what little they can get to eat, and are not very particular what

Japan is an island in the China seas, encumbered by the Japanese, so caffed because they varnish themselves with Japan varnish, although the principal inhabitants of the island are a few Americans, who make a living by trading old hoopskirts, barrel-hoops, second-hand quids of tobacco and old button-holes to the people for more valuable commodities. The principal oc-cupation of the Japanese seems to be hari Whenever an official Jap thinks he has swindled the government out of more than his conscience strictly allows, he com-

ficial would only commit more devilment.

The Japs speak the Japanese language very fluently, but not fluently enough for me to understand them. Japanese silks are the principal articles of Japanned ware, and the best are made in Massachusetts out of worsted and linen.

The Japs live on the wrong side of the world, and therefore take wrong-sided views of religion, science and philosophy, which are peculiarly their own. They look down with pity on the barbarism of the civilized world, who don't shave their heads, wear queues, blacken their teeth, appear in robes or commit hari kari. Of late years they have opened their ports because foreigners

threatened to open their port-holes.

Pat is a genuine lad of the soil, and if he had all the land he ever shoveled in shoveling his way through the world he would be an independent farmer. He is as good natured at a wake as at a wedding, and will have his joke as well in falling down from a three-story ladder as when he is hitched up to a wheelbarrow doing a pushing business. Pat's short pipe would be missed from his face as much as his own nose—it is his coat-of-arms, whether he has another coat or not. There is only one country that ever could have produced Pat, and to that he clings with as much fondness as he does to any thing else that is suggested by Cork.
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy;" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases. We can not write letters except in special case

Will find place for "The Traitor Page;" "Isadore;" "The Father's Sacrifice;" "Dave Barton's First Buckskins;" "Treed by a Flood;" "Disappointed.—MS., "Longfellow Outdone," is simply absurd.—"A Grace Divine" is not original. The sender needs grace divine.—We return poems, "What the Sparrows Say;" "Waves of Life;" "Wasted Lives;" "The Wanton Wind;" "Excuse Me, Darling,"—The poems by E. L. B., Philadelphia, are unavailable. No stamps for return,—Will try and find place for the two poems, "Do the Best You Can;" "A Wish." If the writer has sent other contributions to us, inclosing stamps, they certainly have been returned if not found available. We are very punctual about such things.

The serial, "Detected, but Not Lost," is not to

We are very punctual about such things.

The serial, "Detected, but Not Lost," is not to our want. Incidents are not especially attractive nor impressive, as such, and the style is much too diffuse. It is wholly unnecessary, in telling a story, to relate every thing that is supposed to have happened. If a person eats a dinner it is unnecessary to "go through all the motions" for him; or if he calls on his affianced, it is not necessary to tell all he says and does. This overloading a narrative with immaterial and irrelevant matter ruins many an otherwise good story.

Sketches, "Mary's Last Love," "The Provent

Sketches, "Mary's Last Love;" "The Brownie Bride;" "The Lover's Glen," all are tainted. There is, running through each, a vein of impure thought or purpose, which is not at all to our taste. If the writer is a woman (as we suppose) let us suggest that what she would not care to have a gentleman tell openly to her, in others' hearing, sounds even worse in print. The incidents, as she avers, may all be founded on fact, but, to such, we say, be dumb.

Homer G. We never publish books for others. If a manuscript for one of our books is accepted it is paid for and that ends the author's claim to it. The margin of profit on a Dime volume is so small that a copyright would be simply impossible. The usual copyright on bound books is ten per cent. after the first thousand. More is sometimes paid noted authors whose works have a large sale, but they are the rare exception.

G. A. K. asks why it is "etiquette" for a gentleman to take the *outside* in walking with a lady. Because it is from that side any injury or dirt may come, from which he should protect the lady, and because gentlemen, when passing, always give the lady the inside of the walk.

Percey sends us an advertisement clipped from a certain New York Studay paper, and asks: "What does it mean." As "Percey" doubtless is a young woman, we answer: it means every thing that is dangerous to you and every other virtuous girl who reads it. It is the net of the human fowler laid to entrap the feet of the nuwary, who, knowing rothing of the world, can be the more readily deceived and rained. Never give your address to an anonymous correspondent; and, above all things, avoid any correspondence with a stranger.

any correspondence with a stranger.

Agnes C. C. expresses a wish to learn some good trade, and adds: "I do hope to be wooed and won some day, for I think every woman is only doing that for which she was created in marrying. I only want some trade that will give me a good support until I find the man I shall marry." We know of no trade which wants workers who propose to leave it at the first opportunity. The fact that almost all women merely work at trades or callings as a temporary means of living, fills all the avenues of hobor with men who make their trade their life-calling, and therefore become vastly more able and proficient. Agnes might become a clerk but not a bookkeeper.

Borrower thinks a person who refuses him books from his library is mean, "for, what are books for but to be read?" he asks. Very true. What are clothes for but to be worn, and therefore why refuse to lend your coat, or hat, or boots? Indeed, a book is even more perishable than your boots, and ought not to be lent so readily. No; books are very choice personal property, and he who grumbles at a person's exercise of exclusiveness in such property is very unreasonable.

ALVAR asks concerning the longest day in the year. It varies a great deal in different places. The day in London is sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg, seventeen hours; at St. Petersburg, the longest day has eighteen hours, and the shortest five; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Spitzbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

Spitzbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

Conde. The names of the most distinguished leaders of the heroic Vendeans, who fought so long and so bravely to rescue France from the tyranny of the Convention, were, Bonchamps, a gentleman of fortune; Cathelinean, a peasant; Henri de Larochejaquelin, a noble; De Lescure, his consin; D'Elbee, a peasant; Stofflet, a gamekeeper; Charette, a sailor. The war in La Vendee is far more interesting than the siege of Troy, and if you had the talents of Scott, Byron or Tennyson, you could not have a finer subject for an epic poem, or a more perfect hero than Larochejaquelin. This illustrions youth was scarcely nineteen when the insurrection broke out, and these were his words to his followers: "When I advance, follow me; when I fall, revenge me; when I retreat, kill me." His actions equal any thing ever told of ancient valor, or of the chivalry of the middle ages; and the courage of the undisciplined peasants whom he led to battle far surpassed that of the well-armed soldiers of the Republic. At one time the little province was surrounded by two hundred thousand soldiers, while the entire number of their adult population, men and women, scattered over so many towns and villages, could not have amounted to three hundred thousand. The Vendeans very much resemble d the English in their attachment to religion, their loyalty to the sovereign, their quiet habits, their serious gravity, and their love of home; and the manner in which, in more than sixty battles and combats, this little band withstood the great republican armies is really wonderful.

M. C. I. I doesn't matter whether your daughter married a Lew or a Hottentot, if she went through

E. L. Habeas Corpus is a law term, and signifies: "You may have the body." This is the great writ of English liberty.

REJECTED. Yes, a gentleman has frequently re-beived damages from a lady for breach of promise of

R. H. T. Hail is rain which has passed, in its descent to the earth, through some cold bed of air, and has been frozen into ice. HECTOR. The bayonet was originally a Spanish

Unanswered questions on hand will appear Our New Acquisition!

Another Star has been added to our galaxy of writers in the person of

MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, one of the most graceful and delightful of all our American Female writers for the popular

Mrs. Burton hereafter will write exclusively for the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Her first serial, now in our hands, is quite

equal to any thing Miss Muloch or Miss Edwards ever did. It is a love romance, involving several exquisitely-drawn characters and original relations, and along with the love story runs one

of true tragic power, giving to the work an in-

terest that only an author of real power can We add this charming young writer to our list with real pleasure, confident that she will

become an immense favorite with that class of readers whose perceptions of story and character are neither of the "blood and thunder" nor of the "Laura Matilda" order. For such we do not cater.

TO MY FRIEND.

BY MALCIE.

Am I awake? Can it be real,
This hand that I hold in my own?
These pressing fingers now I feel,
Shall I but look and find them flown?

No—slept I have; but thy love-light My spirit stirred with kindly beams; The dawning day dispels the night, Oh! how in hope it shining seems!

Bright glows thy smile. My opening eyes
May fook, nor fear 'twill fade away;
Now gaze they on the scene that lies
Fair on the face of future day.

The late long night, the darksome past Have ended here, since thou art come, A radiance o'er my path to cast, To banish far all brooding gloom.

I have had friends! Once were the hours Passed fleeting with them, seeming kind, Adversity had trying powers, Now few the outstretched hands I find.

For dying friends fast flowed my tears, And sad for those who went astray; Better for those, who with small fears, Proved false and fell from faith away.

Ah! cruel they to lift my heart To happy realms, firm, real, believed, Which at dark hour did but depart, And leave me broken, sad, deceived.

I deemed them friends; they were but dreams, Who with the night have gone away; But now, in thy sweet eyes' pure gleam, I view a bright, eternal day.

Gertrude's Contretemps.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"LOVE him? I hate the very ground he walks on," and Gertrude Montclair turned a very decided face to the placid, elderly lady who sat by the open window, knitting a shaded orange stripe for a carriage aff-

ghan.
"I hope you are not going to create any sensation, Gertrude, by your foolish prejudice against Mr. Warner. He is a very estimable gentleman, and, as your affianced husband, you are bound to respect him."

Mrs. Atherton knitted on while she spoke,

never once raising her voice beyond its well pitched key of conversational tone; and Gertrude, her black eyes moody and troubled, hated her aunt, as she watched her, almost as badly as she did Felix Warner.

"I haven't any idea of creating a sensation, aunt Ruth, but I can tell you one thing, that was the proposed me and weather that when you see me unbaney and weather.

that, when you see me unhappy and wretched as Mr. Warner's wife, you can take the blame on your own shoulders."

Unheeding the warning word, spoken in a tone of indignation, the girl continued on,

hotly:
"I believed before pa died, and I believe now, that it was you who advised him to arrange his will so that I would be left penniless, instead of heiress to twenty-five thousand dollars, if I did not marry your husband's nephew—this contemptible whiteeyed Felix Warner!"

Mrs. Atherton deliberately folded up her gay work, and then answered Gertrude.
"I certainly never expected to hear my brother John's child speak so to me; I can not say how surprised and wounded I am. I am sorry, for your sake, that my husband's nephew does not come up to your expecta-

"And does he come up to yours?" Gertrude interrupted. "When we both saw him for the first time, three months ago, I plainly read your disapproval of his looks in

"He certainly is not very handsome, which seems strange, for the Warners are all good-looking, generally. But, Gertrude, he seems very gentlemanly, and—the will,

you know. "Yes, the will! and I hope I may be tempted to forego the fortune rather than be tied for life to that white owl!" "Twenty-five thousand is not a sum to sneer at, my dear."

Mrs. Atherton remarked it as she went through the door; and Gertrude, springing to her feet, began promenading the room. Nor is Frank Fenelon a fellow to be sneered at. I'd rather have him, with only his salary to depend on, and his great, loving heart, than this horrid Mr. Warner, with my own fortune and his into the bargain. And I will, too!"

He was a splendid fellow, this Frank Fenelon, whom no girl would have "sneered at." He was so refined and gentlemanly; so stylish and handsome, that it was little wonder Gertie Montelair had fallen in love

She hadn't known him so very long either, for he had only come to Brookville in May—about a month before that disagreeable suitor of hers had come poking along There had been a fancy sort of bridge built over Racy Brook, and Frank was the architect who had designed it; consequently he was at the village some time on that

Then, so well pleased was old Squire Brentham with his elegant rustic bridge, that he employed Frank to design a summer house that was to be a cross between a Buddhist temple and a Chinese pagoda.

So Frank had plenty of work that kept him at Brookville—and he fell in love with this dusky-eyed, ebon-haired Gertrude of mine, who knew she was destined to marry

Mr. Warner, or else forfeit her money. Frank Fenelon had asked her to marry him that very afternoon that she launched out so bitterly to aunt Ruth; and now, after sundown of that clear, cool September day, she went out for a walk, to give her lover his answer, and tell him all about it

She sauntered slowly along the village street, thinking very earnestly, very soberly Twenty-five thousand dollars was a great deal of money to give up for Frank Fene-lon; but, the moment she contrasted Felix Warner's floury skin and large, whity-blue eyes with the clear, bronze complexion of her lover, and his roguish brown eyes, just the same color as his short, wavy hair and mustache, she fairly shivered as she contemplated the disgust she must feel at being obliged to be kissed by Felix Warner; while a kiss from Frank's lips, where the even white teeth gleamed sometimes—well, she didn't think she would at all object to that.

At the post-office sho met him, and they walked together out to Squire Brentham's bridge, and, leaning over the oaken vines that formed the railing, Gertrude told Frank every thing, even to how truly and dearly she loved him, and would forfeit her

money for his sake. He was very grave—so grave that Gertie was a little frightened.

"You are a precious treasure, my darling, and I never could tell you how I honor you for your true-heartedness. But, Gertic, will I be doing right to permit you to become a poor woman for my sake?"

She nestled closely to him, and looked up

off? For my sake, you should say; not for yours alone, I gladly throw this money away. I guess you don't love me as much as I do you?

"Gertie—never tell me I don't love you; you do not know how I worship you, my own true darling. Then you'll let me be your own-Frank,

Who could resist such pleading, in such guileless love, from one he loved as he did

He kissed her then-it was the first kiss he had ever offered her; a long, earnest kiss t was, that told Gertie how dear she was to

You shall never regret this, my dear-"As if I didn't know that," she answered

Of course, aunt Ruth Atherton was indignant when Gertrude told her, that same night, that she would not marry Felix War ner, money or no money, and that she did intend marrying Mr. Fenelon, and that, too, in six weeks' time!

'It's not so much that I pity poor Felix, Gertrude Montclair, nor regret the riches you have rejected. But to take up with this fellow—this stranger with no recommenda-tion but a pretty face—Gertrude Montclair I am ashamed—yes—I blush for you."
"Well, you needn't," returned Gertie, coolly, "because, when you see Frank, you

Il be ashamed that you ever harbored such a thought."

"When I see him, perhaps I will; for I solemnly declare, Gertrude, never to counte-nance this shameful affair—" "Auntie!"

There was that in Gertrude's voice that bade her be still; she quailed a moment, and then went on, fiercer than before. "And take my advice, and make sure you are married when it comes to that. adventurous, wandering rogues

Gertrude sprung up, white with passion.
"Aunt Ruth Atherton, I command you to be still, now and ever, on the subject of Mr. Fenelon, my future husband."
"Gertie, dear—" and to her astonishment

Frank sauntered carelessly into the parlor, accompanied by Mr. Warner. Just let me bury the hatchet for aunt

'Don't call me 'aunt Ruth,' sir!" "Why not? Are you not my deceased uncle Amos' widow? Introduce me," and he turned to Warner, who stepped promptly

Mrs. Atherton. I am not Felix Warner —this young gentleman has that honor."
Frank laughed, and persisted in kissing his "auntie," who, her senses once balanced, and having read the letters he brought from

her old home, laughed and cried, and de-clared he was a Warner, "out and out." Wide-eyed and trembling Gertrude looked on, and then Frank came up and put his

arms around her. "Frank Felix Warner, my darling, knows he has won a bride for love and not for money. Are you angry?" he whispered, tenderly.

"It seems just like a romance," she said, "And our lives will be one, too, my bravehearted little girl."

Peter Atchinson, Frank's right-hand man, who helped play the delightful little game, declared it was the hardest work he ever did to keep from falling in love with bonny

But, after all, it was perfectly fair, wasn't

The Black Crescent: COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE.

A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII. HARNDEN FORDE FINDS THE CRESCENT SAFE; AND WHAT THAT CRESCENT WAS.

As Harnden Forde approached his daughter, his brow darkened. He saw, by the dim light of the fire, that he was agitated, and her agitation was such

that she was at a loss for speech. Had she struck the telling blow which, beyond a doubt, proved the salvation of Wat. Blake's life?—for, considering the desperate frenzy Forde was in, as he grew fearful that his plan would fail, the death of the man who was helpless in his clutches would have seemed inevitable.

She was attired in a loose wrapper, as if she had been about to retire when suddenly, unexpectedly interrupted.
"Eola—what does this mean? Why are

He did not question her too closely, at first; for, though his mind was filled with a suspicion plausible under the circum stances-viz.: that it must have been his own child who struck him-still, he hoped that he was mistaken, and that she had not been a witness to the fearful scene.

"Has any thing happened, father?" she asked, half recoiling before his strange appearance. For a moment he regarded her steadily.

"How long have you been here, Eola?"
"Scarcely a second. Ah! there is blood upon your hand! Oh! tell me what has happened! Something—something—"
His head was bruised, and the flesh bro-

ken. In feeling of the welt that was upon his head, the blood therefrom had stained

He quickly thrust the discolored hand "My child, did you strike me just now?"

"Strike you!" and the arms that had wound round his neck dropped nerveless to her side. "Strike you! Oh, father, what do you mean? I have only been here a few When I came, you were arising from the floor, as though you had been lying there. I do not know what you mean You are bloody! Something has happen ed! Oh! tell me what it is?"

Forde was convinced that she spoke openly and truthfully. She had never deceived him with a falsehood—she would not do it now.

"What brought you here, Eola?"—evading her desire to know what had taken

"I was disrobing, when there came knock at my door, and a woman's voice bade me hurry— What ails you, father?"

"Nothing, nothing; speak quick!"
"Opening the door, I found a strange man and woman there. Before I could recover from my astonishment, they were gone—having told me to make haste up here; that you needed my assistance. And I came at once, fearing—"
"Which—which way did they go?" he

interrupted, excitedly.

"Toward the library."

Casting off the arms that had, for the second time, fixed about his neck, he staggered, at a pace more than a walk, along the unlighted hall, down the stairs, and across to the room which was his library.

As he reached the door, he heard a sound that resembled the closing of a window-sash. But when he entered the library, it was deserted; all was still as the grave.

A gas-jet was burning low, which, in the silent hour of midnight, gave to the apart-

ment a surrounding of spectral shadows.

He went straight to a desk near the window, and unlocking the case, penetrated to a secret pigeon-hole, from which he drew

out a yellow parchment.

"Safe! Safe!" he muttered, his face brightening; "still safe! And yet I would give it them, if they would be content with that alone, and leave me forever! Ha! who's that?"

Eola had followed him. 'Eola, child, return to your room. Go to bed.

'But, father, oh! do tell me what has happened"—continuing to advance.
"No, no; not to-night. To-morrow. Go

She obeyed, murmuring:

"Oh! Heaven grant I may some time know what means the mystery that shrouds this house! I'll go; but I can not sleep now"—pausing in the doorway—"You'll

tell me all to-morrow?" "Yes, yes; go—go now."
But Harnden Forde spoke recklessly. His object, then, was to be alone. When he gave the promise, he considered it forced upon him, and meant to avoid fulfillment

"Yes, that's safe!" he continued to him-self; and he returned the parchment to its

The welt upon his head was painful. Wetting his handkerchief from an ice-pitcher near him, he bathed the wounded

part, and turned again to his desk.

Drawing back the panel which concealed an ingenuously-contrived drawer, he drew the latter out, and gazed steadfastly down upon the BLACK CRESCENT. It was a curious piece of workmanship-

perhaps six inches long, and four broad, and of most valuable composition. The ground was pure, smooth jet, diversified with minute lines of garnet heads, and studded with diamonds at intervals of an

inch; while the edging was solid gold, one quarter of an inch deep. The top of each prong was a small crown of rubies and pearls, with delicate threads of gold and black, like gauze-work, intermingled. It was, at least, an inch and a half in thickness, and the back of the whole was one solid plate of silver. Between the two edges, on the outside, from point to point, was a dark hair-line which might have indicated that the crescent could be laid open upon tiny concealed hinges, in the shape of a figure eight, without the joining line at

There lay the mysterious article, its many rich jewels glistening, sparkling, raying its confusion of brilliant colors in the light of the faint gas-jet; and Harnden Forde, with an indefinable expression upon his white face, stood over it, contemplating it in si-

What Gil. Bret, the "rough," wanted The valuable gems would have been a for-

tune to any one.

Why Wat. Blake wished to secure it we will learn anon. Outside the library window, and almost reaching to it, was a stout grape rack. Upon the top strip of this rack, his two hands clinging to the sill, was a man.

As Harnden Forde stood there, his eyes

fixed upon the Crescent, another pair of eyes were watching him, through the win-

At last Forde closed the drawer, and as he refastened the desk, he said, slowly:
"No! No! No! I must never part with it. Great Heaven! what would be the consequences? Did not Madame Fernandez say that—that— But away with such Am I not miserable enough in re membering, without repeating the dark syllables? God!—is the world at large as superstitious as I am? If it is—unhappy world! It is hereditary. I have fought—oh! how I have struggled in resistance of the clammy coils! But in vain—I fear the claiming coils! But in vali—I rear something; something continually! That horrible curse!—that dread prophesy! Ha! some one repeats them in my ear? No, no, it is my fancy. Only fancy. I wonder—if—I—am—going—MAD!" He sunk into a chair, and the aged head bowed upon his breast. The weary, sunken eyes were fixed vacantly upon the carpet. "My poor Eola! She, before whom the proud and wealthy in our midst would go down upon their knees, if their reward was to be an approving smile!—she, who never knew a proving smile!—she, who hever knew a care or sorrow; beloved of all who know her; all on earth to Austin Burns— Ha! I must not think of him! He is Bertha Blake's son; my—my own—child! Haxon's letter said so! I dare not doubt it! And she, poor girl, knows not the abyss over which I am tottering!—knows not that, at any moment, we may be crushed, trampled upon shamed before the world! And I I upon, shamed before the world! And I, I have wrought this state of things, through a folly of former days!—folly? it was crime!
Oh! that I could have reasoned with my
nature then! Would that I had taken the

go!—and all might have been well."
His face was buried in his hands; a low. painful sob told that he was weeping The face outside the window raised higher, and assumed a stern cast; the eyes that looked in upon him seemed riveted in their gaze; while the soft wind carried away upon its wings the words:

hand outstretched in forgiveness three years

Remorse at last! Half an hour, an hour, nearly two hours slipped by. Harnden Forde moved not.

Presently, there was a slight noise at the window. If he slept, the sound aroused him, for he started up and glanced suspiciously about him. As he did so, he heard footsteps in the yard below. In another second he was at the window—and just in time to see, through the gloom, a man going

out at the gate. "It must have been Wat. Blake!" he exclaimed, pacing to and fro. "I have been watched! How long did he cling fast there, spying upon me? He saw me at the

desk! He must have seen the certificatethe crescent! I can not leave here now, or I shall be robbed! Oh! if I could but see Bertha! Bertha—Bertha, you would for-

Long, long he walked that floor and fought the drowsy god who laid a hand upon his eyelids.

Through the still night, with naught but his own heart beatings to break the silence of the room, and no companion, save his harrowing thoughts, Harnden Forde kept his vigil; and the first gray shades of morn were creeping in through the window, when he ceased his sentry striding and pulled the bell-cord.

Early as it was, the domestics of Forde's house were stirring, and his summons was answered by the hall servant, who was greatly surprised to find his employer up and in the library at that unusual hour.

"James, go eat your breakfast, and return to me, at once. I have new duties for you to perform. Your place in the hall can be done every with in future."

be done away with in future.'

"I hope, sir, I haven't been doin' any thin' wrong, sir?" stammered James, who did not exactly comprehend.

"No, James; I have no fault to find. But, do as I tell you—eat your breakfast and return to me, here, as soon as possible." Wondering what his employer could have in view, that should take him from his easy position in the hall, the servant departed and Forde, worn out, and sick in mind threw himself, with a deep sigh, into a chair

James returned shortly. Harnden Forde took a small revolver from the top of the desk, and, laying one hand upon the servant's arm, he said:

James took the weapon, and stared in a bewildered manner.

"I did not sleep last night, James. I have kept a lonely watch here, walking with my weary limbs, like a sentry who guards his camp-fire."

The serving man opened his eyes wider, but said nothing. Forde transferred his hold to the other's wrist, and, as his listener winced at the touch of the icy cold fingers,

You have been in my service for years. I feel that I can trust you. Listen: there is that in my desk the loss of which would send me to my grave in misery! I wish you to remain here and watch—watch that desk! I am liable to be robbed at any moment, day or night; and no one is to enter

this library!"

The last words were peculiarly emphasized, and James stared the more. "Guard my interests, and I will increase your pay. Do you understand me? Will you do this?"

"Well, I will that, sir. I'll do whatever you say, sir. And there won't anybody come in while *I'm* here!"

"Remember! do not leave the room for a moment, unless I am here to take your place. Guard my interests, James; guard them well. I will arrange to have your meals brought you.'

Forde, having spoken these instructions, withdrew. "Well, now!" exclaimed the guard, looking after him, "I do wonder what on this earth's the matter of 'im? He's been actin' mighty queer, these past days a few. An' Lord! he don't look nothin' like he did when I first came here! Poor man-ah!

he's gettin' old, an' I s'pect he's onwell, or somethin'," and, shaking his head, James sat down to keep his watch. Harnden Forde retired to his room, to seek a few hours repose. Human nature could not bear up under the tax that had been put upon him within the last two days, and notwithstanding the maze of thought, fear, anxiety, which rushed upon his turbid brain, his head no sooner touched

the pillow than he slept. It was after noon when he arose and partook of a light repast. Slumber had been sweet to him. It was

a forgetfulness of the shadows that encompassed his existence. His return to wakefulness was like re-entering a sphere whose air was misery, and the landscape dreary, bleak with ill fore-

The groan from his lips, as his eyes opened to the day of the busy world, contained more than words to speak his utter wretch-

Eola had waited for him in the front parlor a long while.

When he entered, she advanced to meet

"Father, are you not better this morning?" presenting her ripe lips for the accus-"In body, my child, I am well enough. But in mind, ah! I can never be well—

Look at me!" Eola shuddered. She had looked. The strange, unreadable glance of those eyes—the ghastly hue of the face, frightened her, for she knew not what it meant. "Do I look improved?" And, as a sickly smile for a moment twitched the corners of

his mouth, she shuddered again. "Come," she said, "sit by the window. The warm sunshine may benefit you."

He shook his head sadly, but did as she "Now, father, tell me—for you have promised! What is it that weighs upon your mind. Explain this mystery. I must know. Remember, I have much at stake—Austin

'No, no; forget him. You can not mar-him. Never!" ry him. 'Then I insist upon a full explanation. I demand it!" her lovely face crimsoning as

she spoke.
"See," he said; "here is Harold Haxon ascending the steps—'
"That man!" She bit her lip, and one of her dainty,

slippered feet patted the soft carpet in an impatient way. Evidently—from her tone, from her manner—Harold Haxon was a most undesirable acquaintance to her; and a deep silence reigned as father and daught a level way to admitting the ter hearkened to the servant admitting the

A few moments later, Haxon, smiling and bowing, was ushered into their presence.

> CHAPTER VIII. WHO DEALT THE BLOW.

To return to Austin Burns. He had not long to wait for his new-found riend. When she came back, she was ac-

companied by a physician—a tall, spare-limbed individual, with hooked noose and peculiarly grave countenance, which, with twinkling eyes and humorous poise, was far from disagreeable in expression.

'There is your patient, Doctor Cauley,"

pointing to the young man, who arose upon

their entrance, and steadied himself by holding to the back of the chair; for it seemed to Austin that, in every minute his friend had been gone, he had grown weaker, and at that moment he felt very faint.

A scrutinizing glance at Austin's face, a stroke of the smooth chin, and the physician said:

"Exactly, um! Going to faint-maybe. Keep up, sir; keep up. Retain your pins and shut your mouth. Now, lay down."

With their assistance, Austin was fixed comfortably upon the sofa, and the man of medicine proceeded to attend to the wound.

He screwed his thin features into an ugly frown while examining the cut, and, nod-ding to the woman in black, uttered, briefly: "Must bathe it. Tepid water. Got a sponge?" and, as she hurried after the de-

sired articles, he continued, to Austin:
"Retain your position and keep quiet.
Bad wound, this. Feel weak, eh?" "Very, sir."

"Retain your senses and say nothing. Now then," When the water and sponge were brought, he began to bathe, and then dress the wound. The blade had not sunk deep, but

the flesh was horribly torn.
"Doctor, is it dangerous?" "Now, my dear madam, every thing is dangerous. It's dangerous to eat, for fear we overload the stomach. It's dangerous to drink—even water, for fear we strangle. It's dangerous to live, for fear we may die; and there's more danger in being born than there is in dying. Permit me to remark, madam, that in the midst of existence we are liable to become defunct.' Easiest thing in the world to die, if—"

But this wound, doctor? Please inform me if it is likely to prove fatal."
"Um! Well, if he retains his wits, and promises to keep clear of politics for the balance of his life, he may come out of this all right. Nurse him well, nurse him well;

it won't hurt him." "I am deeply interested in him, Dr. Cauley—rery deeply. His life is precious to me. Say he will live."

"Let him try. Retain his composure and talk very little. I'll come and dine with him in a week."

"I understand," with a sigh of relief.
"He will live. You can not imagine what a load of anxiety is taken from my mind. But, Doctor Cauley, will you now do me a

favor?"
"Retain my character and win your esteem? Certainly."

"Will you remain here with Mr. Burns until about three o'clock?"

"Hey?" pausing in his work, and arching his brows, as he looked at her inquir-

"Will you remain here, with Mr. Burns, until I return? I must go away; will be gone, probably, until three o'clock."
"In the morning? This A.M.?"

"Yes."
"Necessary?"
"Very. I can not explain, as my business is private, as well as important. If there is an extra charge, do not hesitate to include it in the bill."
"Um! Retain the premises and keep awake all night. Certainly. If you are not back by the hour named, I shall begin to get—breakfast. Expect to see the table

get—breakfast. Expect to see the table set, and tea-kettle boiling," with this he turned again to his task. Austin Burns was looking at his strange friend, in a puzzled way. There was something about her which had not impressed itself upon his mind when he first saw her face; something which seemed to strike the chords of memory with a familiar, yet inex-plicable harmony. Was it some dream that had been his, in which he beheld the sad features and the deep, black eyes looking down upon him, as they were at that moment? or was it the new life of a buried recollection which, through a marvelous re-tentiveness, his brain created, to fill him

with uncertain thoughts? It was not an unhandsome face; perhaps, in youth, its outlines were penciled by a wand whose merest touch was beauty. But now, its expression was sad and worn to the unmistakable lines of unhappiness, though it was full of kindness, beaming with tenderness, and as their eyes met, he strove his best-in vain-to place the picture before him.

"You may," he answered, still regarding her steadily; for something told him she had a right to the privilege she asked.

"Doctor Cauley will remain with you, Austin, until I get back, and will attend to your comfort. I am year sorry I must your comfort. I am very sorry I must leave you; but, there is that demanding my

Doctor Cauley will stay here, Mr. Burns

leave you; but, there is that demanding my attention which I can not neglect. Be of good cheer. Good-by—"

"Ahem! Retain your senses and listen to me," interrupted Cauley. "This young man must have something to quiet him—not eternally, but for a little while. He's unstrung, madam—I say unstrung. Now, if you're going to whisk yourself off, who gets the medicine?"

"I think you'll find exactly what you

"I think you'll find exactly what you want, in that closet beneath the stairs. The medicine you gave brother Wat. when he was feverish. There are many bottles there; but all are labeled." Having thus relieved the physician of his

perplexity, she departed.

"How familiar!" exclaimed Austin, feebly; "I am sure I have seen her before."

"Um! Retain your ideas and close your lips. Of course you've seen her before. Everybody has seen everybody in the course of a lifetime, or somebody that looks like he, she, or it, more or less. What you want, is quietude. Where did you get this cut?

Been fighting?" Something I avoid, sir, and have never yet disgraced myself by engaging in a pub-lic brawl. The wound was given me on the Fayette street bridge, to-night, by some one who evidently meant murder. I never knew, until to-night, that I had enemies."

"Pooh! Everybody has enemies. I've been fighting mine ever since I played top, at school. Retain your surmises and forget your enemies, for the present, while I complete this little job."

The woman in black sped away from the house, back toward the bridge at the falls.

She had reached the west end of the bridge, when she caught sight of two men who were just then passing the gas-lamp at the fence. They were coming toward her; the features of both were easily discernible.

"Ha! It is Harold Haxon and his ally, Gil. Bret. What are they coming here for?"

The spot whereon she stood was very dark; no one was near to detect her movements, and she crouched down, close by the

rail, to watch the comers.

The two men halted on the bridge. What followed we have seen.



When they departed, she continued swiftly on to her destination, which was the house of Harnden Forde, on Eutaw street.

Reaching here, she made her way through the narrow alley, and inserting her arm in the large, round hole near the latch of the

gate, she slipped the bolt.

The library window was before her, and the stout grape rack offered means of reach-

ing it. "It is almost time for Wat. to be here."

But few women can ascend a ladder with ease of mind and body, and it was with no little difficulty she made her way to the

The back windows of other houses in the vicinity were darkened. No wakeful eyes marked her actions, and, after much exerion, she reached the top strip.

To her surprise, the window was unlatched; and, as her heart fluttered at the boldness of her undertaking, she cautiously raised the sash.

"I will not close it," moving noiselessly toward the door. "There is no knowing in what haste I may have to pass out again. Ah! hark!

There was a scarce audible footstep on the stairs. So sudden came the sound, that she paused, undecided, midway across the

But the one outside—who was Harnden Forde seeking the room of his strange and unwelcome guest—continued past. With a few quick, silent steps, she reached the door, and found it barely closed. To open it, slightly, was the work of a moment, and, by the dim rays of a small burner which lighted the second floor, she saw Forde, with the significant ropes in his

hand, just turning at the landing.

The ropes, the cat-like tread, with which he was ascending the stairs, at once struck

Could she have obtained a glimpse of his But, sight of the ropes, especially, filled

But, sight of the ropes, especially, filled her mind with suspicions.

In the corner, by her, stood a thick cane of heavy, unyielding wood. Almost involuntarily she grasped this and stole after him, moving no less like a specter than he. He led her to the third story; then he disappeared into the room where Wat. Blake slumbered, unconscious of the frail thread upon which hung his life.

upon which hung his life. Exercising great caution, she advanced toward the room, and had almost reached it, when Forde's first words fell upon her

Wake up, Wat. Blake! Wake up, and meet your doom!" "Great heaven! he is killing Wat.!"
Heedless now of caution she ran to the

doorway.

The sight she saw fairly brought her

heart to her throat.

Forde was striving to wring information from the lips of the helpless man, whom he was strangling! Had not Forde been so wrapt in his in-

human work, he would have heard the step of the rescuer, behind him. Closing her hands upon the cane, with all her strength, she poised it above her head.

True to its aim, it cut the air, and Forde

lay insensible at her feet. Quick, quick, Wat! Merciful heaven!

what an escape!"

She untied the rope which bound him, and he, choking, half blind, gasping for breath, staggered to his feet.

With all the enduring iron of his strong frame, he could not recover himself at once, and work digar, friety the creater of the could not recover himself at once, and weak, dizzy, faint; the room spinning round before his hazed vision, like a vortex of inconceivable things, he was led, or

rather dragged, away.
"Come, Wat.! Oh! hurry. He may recover at any moment.

As they passed a room on the second floor, where a light shone through the transom of the door, she paused to knock. Eola appeared.

"Harnden Forde is in the third story, and needs assistance. Go to him," and without saying more, they hurried on to the library. Wat. Blake drank deeply from the icepitcher, and as the pure, refreshing beverage intended a new life, into his body. It ge infused a new life into his body, his

"Too late, Bertha! Too late! We can not get the crescent to-night. But it is in there—in that desk! I am sure of it. Mark it well."

"Oh! no, no; not too late! Do not say it is too late!" she cried. "Let us force it open!"
"I tell you it is too late! We must wait

now till some more favorable time. Hark! Some one was, even then, rapidly descending the stairs. I told you so!" he added. "Be quick, now! Out at the window

But are you strong enough?" Yes, yes; hurry. There is no time for words. I do not wish to encounter this man, now, or I may do him harm," frown-

ing and glancing toward the door.
When he had followed her and closed the 'Go home, now, sister. I shall remain here. Perhaps I may yet procure the crescent; for it is in that desk! Ah! it is Forde himself. See; he enters. He is at the desk. There, go now. Make no noise in getting down."

Reluctantly she left him and turned homeward. Wat. Blake watched—waited. He fairly raised his shoulders above the sill, to see better, when Forde opened the drawer in

which lay the mysterious crescent.
"Perchance he will leave the library shortly, and I may secure it after all."

But he was doomed to disappointment.

Forde seated himself, and the agonizing

thoughts which dwelt within him were de picted thoroughly upon his face, and noted Can it be that he sleeps?" Blake asked

himself, as the moments flew by, and still Forde sat there, still and silent. "If so, mayhap I can pick his pocket of the key, and get the crescent and the certificate ere

But an attempt to raise the sash proved the contrary to his hopes; and, as Forde started from his seat, Blake dropped to the ground and ran out at the gate—but not in time to escape being seen by the man who would have been his murderer.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED MEHTERS THE woman in black, upon returning to

her home, found Doctor Cauley in an easychair, dozing before the fire. A glance at the lounge told her that Austen was sleeping, and she addressed the physician in a whisper.

"Ay—ho—um—m—!" yawning and looking at her in a quizzical way. "Retains his life and goes to sleep in ease. See? You're back sooner than you said. It's now the bewitching hour of morning's night, when burglars prowl and—you know it's one of our 'systems,' madam, in Baltimore, to leave front doors unlocked?"

"Yes"—quietly laying off her hat and

"Yes"—quietly laying off her hat and shawl—"I expected to be detained much longer. You are satisfied, then, that the wound is not your source."

wound is not very serious?"

"Pardon me; but 'you know how it is yourself;' we're all liable to stop breathing at any moment; and this young man must take care of the wee cut on his shoulder. Let him retain his common sense and not worry. What's his name?"

Burns-Austin Burns. She came forward from the lounge, where she had stood for a few seconds, looking down into the young man's face, and drew up a chair beside the blunt, but kind-hearted Doctor Cauley.

"Who did you say?" he asked, quickly.
"Austin Burns. Do you know him?"
"Know him? Retain your judgment, madam, and see if I look like a jacka—ninny, I mean. Of course I know him. At least, I attended his uncle, when that good gentlemen died—which he avoid do despite gentleman died—which he would do, despite all the medicine I gave him And I then heard quite a romantic story.'

"Certainly. This party wasn't his, Austin Burns', uncle, after all. See? A waif, a basket arrangement, a vestibule sensation, Well, in this basket was-tired, madam

You look pale. Have a glass of water."
"No, no; mere fatigue. Go on, doctor."
"Well, in this basket was twenty thousand dollars! Where the child came from, who or what it was, nobody in that family could imagine. I was the family physician, and I got into the secrets of the occurrence.

You knew of the helpless infant, then?" and she leaned forward in her chair, putting the question with such abruptness that the doctor pushed his own chair from her, and faced her in a half-startled manner, say-

ing:
"Not exactly. I knew the secret of the family having adopted the child; that's all, madam. And I knew the gentleman who adopted it was a most honorable party. When he died, I knew that young Burns, then grown to be a man, came into possession of a round fortune—or a square bank account, whichever you choose. Rumor has reached my ears of an engagement, too, between Burns and Eola Forde, daughter of Harnden Forde, a gentleman well known and respected in this community, etc., etc.,

Respected!" she murmured, with sar-

'Yes, that's what I said-now, my dear madam, you look as if you were smeared with whitewash! Pardon me. Really. Have a glass of water." And that is all you know of Austin

"Positively, the sum total of my informa tion. Retain my reputation as a truth-teller by making affidavit to that effect." 'Did you ever hear of one Harold Hax-?" she inquired, after a brief pause in

"Think I have. Can't say for certain."
"I may tell you, doctor, that Austin Burns was stabbed to-night, by this Haxon; and the incentive to the foul act, was jeal

Doctor Cauley opened mouth and eyes, as she went on to detail the circumstances of the existing enmity on Haxon's part. "He wishes to remove Austin from his path," she said, in conclusion; "and he has

a strong ally, in a villainous wretch, name Gil. Bret." The rascal! We must catch him—both of them—send them to the Peniten—"
"No. Not yet. What I have told you,

you will retain sacredly private. The time has not come yet; and I am managing matters. I shall consider you pledged to say nothing to any one of our conversation You are a most singular woman!" he And you a man of bold opinions!"

"Right!" and the way he scraped his throat, and the soberness of his utterance indicated that he considered the compliment You must be tired, doctor."

"Right again. I am 'tired now and sleepy, too.' As you are here, I'll go. Don't let the young man sleep too much. I found the medicine in the closet. I'll call to-morrow-or to-day-again." One moment. Yours to command."

He was squirming into his overcoat while speaking, and now, slapping his hat on his head, he paused in the doorway. "We shall not be here to-morrow." Shan't? Why?"

"We have to move. When you call to see your patient, let it be No. — South Charles street. It will not hurt Austin, if

moved carefully, will it?" Do it easy—very easy. All right. I'll ne. Good-night," and he whisked out at the front door, almost before he had con

luded speaking. When she re-entered the parlor, Austin "Water!" he said, faintly. "Give me ome water."

Having cooled his feverish lips with that nost grateful of beverages—than which the world never knew a purer, sweeter, or more healthful—he sunk again into a calm sleep; while the woman in black bent over him and murmured, in a low voice

"And he is the affianced of Eola!—of my child! Who more worthy of her? Who could make her more happy? Sleep on, Austin; you have a friend by you, whose aim is your happiness, and whose power shall yet destroy the enemies that surround

When morning hued the azure vault with its first soft rays of gold and crimson, Wat. Blake entered the house. Did you succeed, Wat.?" she question-

ed, eagerly.
"No, sister; but take courage. Though it be my fault that we have failed, you shall soon thank me for my zeal. For I promise you the crescent shall be restored before a

month goes by."
"Your words give me strength, Wat.," but her voice was sad as she spoke.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, discovering Austin;
"who is this?"

"Did I not tell you, last night, when I left you on Eutaw street, that Harold Haxon meant mischief? See!—it was almost a murder. The base wretch fled when I con-fronted him, as well he might, when he thought his hand had, long ago, helped in

giving me to the fishes!" and she narrated fully the particulars concerning Anstin's presence there.

"For our poor, wronged niece's sake, dear Wat., we must assist him. "Ay, with my own life, I'll help him."
Blake retired to his room, while the woman in black continued to watch her

It was after a few hours' refreshing sleep that he rejoined her. A light repast was spread in the dining-room, and, during the meal, she acquainted him with the necessity of removal.

"Now that they know where he is, Wat., they may make another attempt upon his life. We must leave at once—to-day."

Upon this point they agreed.

The young man was awake when they re-entered the parlor, and having attended to his wants, she said: This is my brother, Austin - Wat.

He did not know his real weakness until he raised his hand to meet the friendly grip

"Tell me, is my wound fatal?"

"No; not if you are quiet. Do not go to sleep again, if you can help it; but, be resigned while we leave you for a little while. There is no danger to you, here, in broad daylight." daylight.

"I am afraid of nothing," he interrupted, smiling faintly.

smiling faintly.

"But you are weak. We will not be gone long. Here is water, beside you."

Wat. Blake went to order a cab, after which he joined his sister at the market.

When he had started in pursuit of Haxon and Bret, as already noticed, she took a car going west; soon leaving that, and entering

a car of the Blue Line. Alighting in the neighborhood of the Jewish Temple, she sought a neat-looking boarding-house, on Charles street, and dis

missed the boy who accompanied her.

A pull at the door-bell was answered by

A pull at the door-bell was answered by the proprietress herself—a short, broad, healthy-faced, garrulous old lady, with whom she was evidently well acquainted.

"Why, laws sakes! Who'd 'a' thought to see you again, Mrs. Wernich," she exclaimed, bustling about to procure her visitor a chair. "I thought you'd gone from Baltimore, ever so long ago! Where on earth do you come from? And how 've you been? And what's been the matter—ch?"

"My dear Mrs. Lenner I've scarcely time." "My dear Mrs. Lenner, I've scarcely time

"My dear Mrs. Lenner, I've scarcely time to answer all your inquiries just now; but, I'll be with you this evening, and you may question me all you please. Listen now—"
"Laws sakes! Are you goin' to come and live with me again? Well, there! what a funny, funny world! I was tellin' Jacob, last night, 'at I s'posed you was 'way up in New Hampshire by this time; and now here you are—well well! But then now, here you are—well, well! But then, it's such a funny world, you know? And it was just last night, when here comes a poor little angel of a critter on the arm of a policeman, huntin' for a night's lodgin'! She's up-stairs now, bless her heart!

But, Mrs. Lenner, listen to me. Have you three vacant rooms?"

"I have, indeed; 'cause there's two on em been idle a month, 'sides the garret, 'at this darlin', angel of a critter has took only for a day or two; and one of my boarders left to-day, to go to Washin'ton, and— Bu

what on this earth do you want three for?"
"I have found my brother, Mrs. Lenner, and he is with me. Then there is a young

A young man!" "Yes. I knew you could accommodate us in rooms, but feared your humble table would not be equal to two more hearty and unexpected eaters, at noon, so I brought you a basket of goodies. No questions, now ase; I will explain all this eve

ning. Have the rooms fixed for us. We are coming at once. Now I must go—"
"My! my! my! Why, you ain't hardly sat down yet!' "Good day, my dear Mrs. Lenner. Have

the rooms ready."

She left the house, and hastened toward

Already too much time had elapsed since leaving Austin, and she was anxious for his When she reached her home, Wat. Blake was there, seated beside, and conversing

with, Austin Burns. Well, dear Wat., you followed them? in an undertone, and drawing him aside.

"Where to?" "To a saloon, where, thinking they were alone, they discussed their situation. The leather bag given you by Louise Ternor, was a prize Gil. Bret had counted on obtaining. At least, I judge so; for the ruffian told Haxon, that if they did not procure money immediately they were penniless "Ah! this is news. But, what else?"

"They have hit upon a plan to supply their wants. Haxon is to obtain the Black Crescent!" "No! no! no!" she cried; "he must not get it! Oh! Wat., this must be prevented!"

"Never fear, sister. In the first place, we know he will not part with it. That accursed superstition of his is too strong. Haxon and Bret meet at the Golden Gates to-night at eight o'clock. Bret has the paper which gives them power over Forde. What that paper is, I know not; but, I will have it before to morrow?"

before to-morrow 'Yes, yes, Wat., obtain it. But, oh! do you think the crescent is safe?"
"I do— Ah! there's the cab. How do

you feel now, Burns?" Better-stronger; but, still very weak, Well, cheer now; here's the cab at the

door, and we must get you into it. Then we'll soon have you in a comfortable bed." Austin was seated, easily, in the cab, and when Blake had securely fastened the house, the vehicle, with its three occupants. moved slowly away.

Reaching Mrs. Lenner's, that lady learned,

for the first time, that the young man was injured in some way, and Jacob, her hus-band, was brought, running, to their assist-

While carrying Austin up-stairs—scarcely permitting his feet to touch the steps—they encountered a shrinking form upon the first landing, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the woman in black paused ab-

ruptly.
"Marian Mead!" "She it was; and, as she heard that voice, she sprung forward and threw her arms around the other's neck. I'm so glad!

'Oh! are you here? know you are my friend."

The woman in black was about to speak, when she heard Austin Burns cry out, in feeble tones: "Blake! Blake! there's Eola! I'd know her dear voice wherever I heard it! Call her to me! I must see her!" (To be continued—Commenced in No. 80.)

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE,

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI. 'JOHN'' SPEAKS.

"ALIVE? Whar? Sho'?" A perfect babel of sounds rose on the air. The excitement was contagious. Judge Jones alone preserved his calmness; like a statue he sat in his chair, his face ashen pale, and his breath coming quick and

"Up at the Eldorado ranche!" answered Jim. "This heathen toted him off last night an' 'tended him like a Christian. The yaller-skinned cuss didn't know till a little while ago that the gal was a-being tried for his murder; an' when he found out, he come down like a man for to spit it out!"

Then the crowd made a rush through the door for the Eldorado. The man-from-Red

Dog picked up the heathen in his arm as if he had been a baby, and, aided by his long legs, was soon in the advance of the crowd. The jury even yielded to the contagion, and, forgetting all about the prisoner, ran

after the spectators and the armed guard.
With a single bound, Jinnie leaped into Dick's arms. Again she felt the warm embrace which brought such joy to her heart.
When the lovers looked around, they found that they were alone, for Judge Jones, too, had disappeared. Talbot no-ticed his absence in an instant.

"Hallo! where did the Judge go?" he said, in astonishment; "he didn't pass by

us, I'll swear !" Then Talbot's eyes caught sight of a small door in the other end of the building. "He must have gone through there," he

exclaimed.
"That leads into the shed where he keeps his horse," Jinnie said.
"Yes, I know it," Talbot answered.
Then the sound of a horse's hoofs rung

out on the air. Talbot ran to the window just in time to catch sight of the Judge gal-"He must have had his horse all ready saddled," Talbot said, thoughtfully. "He

was prepared, then, for flight; but, is it for "He fears your vengeance, Dick," Jinnie

"He has nothing to fear from me; there is another who will strike him," Dick re-

Then the two left the express office and proceeded to the hotel. The crowd raced up the street, and, headed by the Chinaman, soon had the satisfac tion of gazing on the face of Gains Tendail The young man was very faint from loss of blood; could not even speak, but he still lived, and one of the citizens who professed

to be a doctor, after examining him, gave his opinion that he would recover.

The Heathen Chinee had selected a strange lodging-place for the senseless man. The shanty, dignified by the title of hotel, was raised some three feet from the ground by massive bowlders; the space under was poarded in. The sagacious son of the East had removed a couple of loose boards in the

floor behind the bar, carried the senseless man under the flooring, and, with the blankets taken from his own bunk, arranged a bed for him. "What in thunder did you hide him down hyer for?" asked Bill, in astonishment, as he assisted to remove the almost lifeless

man from his place of concealment. "Melican man—comme back—kille he more," replied the heathen. "Sho! Did you see who went for him?"

asked Haynes, in astonishment.
"Me see—alle time," said the Chinaman, grinning.
"Who? Who was it?" asked the crowd,

anxiously.
"He telle—alle same—John no likee—Melican man kille he, too," answered the cautious child of the Sun. The miners at once came to the conclusion that Ah Ling had seen the murder commit-

ted, but that the murderer was a stranger to him. "Me hide-see Melican man kille-no like telle-how can he?"

The crowd guessed at the mystery. The Chinese had seen the murder committed and the assassin depart; then had seen Rennet and Bill discover the body and heard the message dispatched to the Judge. Then he had entered the room by the window and removed the body. Such was their solution of the riddle. But, the true one was—the Chinaman had entered the room immediately after the assassin had departed; had exmined the body and discovered that Gains still lived; then, surprised by Rennet and Bill, he had sought refuge under the bed and seized the first opportunity to remove the helpless man through the aid of the

Talbot and Jinnie had joined the crowd and listened attentively. A strange expression came over the face of Injun Dick as he heard the heathen's story. He seized an early opportunity to speak with the Chinese apart, but the information he gained he kept to himself

Restoratives were applied to the wounded man, and the crowd waited anxiously till he should revive and speak the name of his

> CHAPTER XLII. JUSTICE.

RIDING northward by the side of the Reese, mounted upon a wiry gray pony, was a pale and haggard man.

The flanks of the animal showed the lather of the rapid gallop and the dark stains of the cruel spurs. Foam fell from the mouth of the horse. He had evidently

been pressed at his topmost speed.

The moon was rising in the heavens, al ready dotted over with myriad stars. cold, white peaks of the frowning Sierra pierced the sky like giant icebergs. The pines rustled softly in the breeze and their peculiar balsamic odor filled the air.

But the traveler—fugitive rather—heeded not the rising moon, the rustle of the pines, nor the perfume that floated on the bosom of the clear mountain air.

He had eyes and ears but for one thing only, pursuit! A dozen times in his rapid onward gallop,

pushing forward as fast as his horse would carry him, he had fancied that he had heard the sounds of a horse's hoofs behind him. A dozen times, while covering the last mile, he pulled the silver-mounted revolver from his belt, and, with a nervous hand, drew back the hammer, ready for action; and then, with a curse upon his cowardly fear, satisfied that he heard only the rustle of the pines in the breeze, and that the pursuing horseman existed but in his imagination, he

had let down the hammer upon the cap, and pushed back the weapon in its pouch.

"Why should I fear?" he asked himself, for the hundredth time. "I am like a child, frightened at a shadow. I am safe: I know I am safe," he repeated, as though some still voice within whispered of danger. "I have pushed my horse as fast as he could go. If I have been pursued, they should have gained on me by this time, if their horses are better than mine. They! theirs! I speak in the plural," he cried, with a bitter laugh, "while really I fear but one man. And why should I fear him? Enjoying the caresses of the woman whom I would have almost given my soul to win, will he be apt in his hour of triumph to think of ven-geance? Will he leave the soft lips of the woman to encounter the bullet of a desperate man? I would not. I would not have left her side, had I gained her, to have saved myself from years in flames!"

Then, once again, he listened as he rode steadily onward, listened for the sounds, which, in imagination, were ever ringing in

'Tis but the rustle of the wind," ne mut-The but the rustle of the wind, he muttered, as again he thrust back the revolver, which he had half drawn from its sheath. "As I look back, I can see how badly I have played my hand. Oh, if I had it to play over again! But, I hadn't the pluck. I wavered when I should have been strong. One desperate blow would have won for His dare-devil reputation cowed me, me. His dare-devil reputation cowed me, as if he was more than man. Yet, every blow that I aimed at him seemed to recoil upon my own head. It's all over now, though. I've got my drafts on 'Frisco buckled around my waist. It's lucky that I prepared for the worst. At any rate, I've got enough to make a glorious start again. I'll try and lead a new life. I hope the devil won't tempt me again with a pretty woman; I am so weak."

The narrow road bent suddenly to the right, as it rose to the crest of the hill. Pressing onward with an untiring stride, the game little animal swept round the bend. Turning the angle of the rocks, the hair of the rider nearly rose in horror when he beheld a horseman standing motionless in the center of the road. In the hand of the stranger was a leveled revolver, on the polished barrel of which the moonlight

danced in wavy lines of light. At the first glance the new-comer had recognized the motionless figure standing sentinel in the road.

The brown mare with the white blaze in the forehead and the four white "stockings," once seen, was not easily forgotten, and the coal-black hair and beard of the rider, as well as the ebon mask that covered his face, were all easily remembered It was the road-agent, Overland Kit, in

"Good-evening, Judge Jones," he said, with a menacing ring in his voice.

Judge Jones—for the rider on the gray pony was the Judge—pulled up his horse and laid his hand on the hilt of his revolver.

But the outlaw was scarcely twenty paces from him, and, as the moon was shining, making the canyon bright as day, he saw

"Drop that, Judge; I can put a ball through you long before you can get that plaything out of its sheath." With an expression of despair upon his

face, the Judge removed his hand from the weapon You are doubtless astonished at seeing me here," the road-agent said. 'I thought that you were dead," the

Judge answered. Exactly; so I am, to all the rest of the world but you. I have come to life for your especial benefit." There was a menace in the tone of the speaker.

Jones shivered; his face was very pale

"For my benefit?" he said, slowly.

"Yes; I rely upon your honor never to mention this interview after we part. I have perfect confidence that you will not speak of it."

Again Jones shuddered, and convulsively he placed his hand on the revolver-hilt. He understood the meaning of the outlaw. "Take your hand off that revolver, and don't put it there again, or I'll drill a hole right through you without warning!" Kit cried, sternly.

"If you seek my life, kill me outright and end it!" the Judge cried, in desperation.

"Go slow! let's reckon up the account before we settle it," the outlaw replied.

"You're probably astonished at seeing me in the flesh when all the world thinks that I am dead. It is easily explained. That traitor, Joe Rain, I followed and settled with in full in the mountains. Then it struck me what a glorious idea it would be to put my clothes on him, and let all the world think that Overland Kit had 'passed in his checks.' A bullet from my revolver had partly disfigured the lower part of the face, and I trusted to my mountain friends, the wolves, to do the rest. I thought that I had got through with Overland Kit; but, as I said, Judge, I had to revive him for your especial benefit.

You intend to kill me?" the Judge asked, slowly.
"Don't you honestly think that you deserve death?" the outlaw asked.

"I am not fit to die."
"That is the cant of all rogues. If I let you live, you will but commit more crimes, sink yourself deeper and deeper into perdi-tion when the end does come. Judge, in taking your life, it doesn't seem to me as if I commit a murder. I am more like the executioner, who takes the life forfeited to the law, than the agent of private vengeance," the outlaw said, earnestly

What have I done to merit death?" "You attempted to kill Gains Tendail." The Judge started, and nearly fell from the back of his horse.

"I guessed the truth, then, before," he muttered, in a hollow voice; "you have tracked me from Spur City, though I have ridden almost with the speed of the wind."
"You are right; I have," Kit replied.
"This mare of mine is a thoroughbred, and can beat any thing on four legs west of the Mississip'. Through her speed I have been Mississip'. Through her speed I have able to be in two places almost at the same able to be in two places almost at I was. As you guess who I am, I'll throw this mummery aside."



The mask, wig and beard were dashed to

Injun Dick stood revealed in Overland Kit!
"I do not deny my crimes," the Judge said, in a tone which told plainly that at heart he was utterly without hope. "I attempted to kill Gains Tendail. He knew me in the East; knew of a crime that I committed there, and the consequences of which forced me to fly and seck shelter here. He met me in Spur City and recognized me. I paid him to keep silence; but fearing that, in some drunken spree, he might reveal my secret, I determined to kill him."

"And the letter written by him, which you read at the trial?"

"Was written to and received by me. It was accident alone that led to Jinnie being accused of the murder. After I had stabbed my victim, I passed out into the hall and threw the knife into the first door that came handy. It happened to be her room. Then, when I was called up by Ginger Bill, I guessed at once by his words that Jinnie was implicated, and the devilish idea came into my head to profit by the accident. I thought that I could force her to give you up and become mine to save herself. When Rennet pulled the paper out of her trunk, I picked it up and examined it; your name and hers coupled together, with some few loving words, were scribbled over the page. The idea struck me at once to substitute for it Tendail's letter to me, which was about the same size. I placed it in my pocket-book; then presented the other to Rennet for his signature, so as to identify it. The name of Jinnie I forged at the top of the page afterward."

Jones, you've been a great scoundrel for a man with as little pluck as you have,'

Talbot said, in contempt.

"I know it," the Judge replied, coolly;

"had not my heart failed me, you would never have won this girl. I played a bold game, but lacked courage. But now I am braver than I have ever been in all my life.

for I sit here calmly waiting for my deeth. for I sit here, calmly, waiting for my death-

"Hang it!" cried Talbot, irresolutely. "I know that you deserve death, but, with all my wild, reckless actions, I never yet attacked a defenseless man. I'll give you a chance for your life. Draw your revolver; I'll not fire until your weapon is cocked and at the level."

"I thank you for your fair offer, but I can not accept it," Jones said, slowly. "Never again, as long as Heaven lets such a miserable wretch as I am live, will I attempt to take a human life. I am not a young man; I have crimes enough on my soul now with-out attempting more." 'Are you in earnest?" Talbot asked,

doubtingly. "I hope so," Jones replied, solemnly.
"Then withered be my arm if I raise it against you!" cried Talbot, quickly. "In the future I, too, hope to lead a new life—in that life to atone for the errors of the past. Judge, we'll cry quits, and each go

on our separate ways. I can only say that, if there ever comes a day when you need mercy, may you re-

ceive it," the Judge responded.

"Jones, I don't quite trust you!" cried
Talbot, suddenly. "You have been such a
thoroughly bad man that I fear treachery. Throw down your revolver and then ride past me. When I am round the bend you can return and pick up your weapon." "I do not blame you for your doubt," the

Judge said, slowly. Then he drew the revolver from its pocket and dropped it to the ground. The weapon struck the rock and exploded. The Judge straightened up in the saddle with a hollow

groan, and then fell heavily to the earth. When Talbot, horror-stricken at the accident, dismounted and reached his side Judge Jones was beyond mortal aid. The ball had entered the breast, passed upward, tearing the lungs, and death had come almost instantly.

Spur City was astonished when Jinnie an-nounced her intention of disposing of the Eldorado. Still more so, when Gains Tendail recovered so as to be able to speak, and declared that his assailant was Judge Jones.

Then the miners understood Heathen Chinee, on the night of the attack, hearing Judge Jones sent for, should attempt to hide away the wounded man; they comprehended now what he meant by-'Melican man comme back-killee some

Talbot had quite a long interview with Bernice. It was a painful one to both, for, though Bernice's love for Talbot was but the childish fondness for her cousin, Patrick Gwyne, fostered by constant thought into a passion, still, as she had allowed it to take full sway over her nature, the struggle to conquer it was necessarily a difficult and

painful one.
"Bernice," said Talbot, at parting, "forget that such a person as Patrick Gwyne ever lived; he has been dead to the world for years; he will never come to life again. Take the fortune; dead Patrick Gwyne can

"But, Dick Talbot?" she asked.

"Will seek some place far from here, and there, by honest labor, carve out a new fortune and a new name. I have another life now, besides my own, to care for. For her sake I will avoid temptation. If it had not been for a certain high United States official at Austen, Overland Kit would never have been heard of. He tempted me there was really no bloodshed in it—though it is worse than weakness for me to attempt to excuse it in any way—and I yielded. There was a wild excitement in the life that suited my reckless nature. But, that is all over now.

And so they parted. The-man-from-Red-Dog was inconsolable when he learned that Injun Dick was going away. He pleaded long and earnestly to be allowed to go with him, but Dick replied that it could not be, and the result was that the-man-from-Red-Dog went on an awful "tare," and offered to fight all Spur City, single-handed, just for the "fun of the

Bernice and old Mr. Rennet returned to New York, much to the latter's delight. Still, he often chuckles a little over his appearances as counsel in the impromptu

Toward the Pacific coast a long wagon-train wends its way. The setting sun is tinting the peaks of the Sierra, golden, pur-

In the rear of the train ride Talbot and Jinnie, Talbot mounted on the famed brown mare, but bearing no longer the blaze in the forehead and the four "stockings, for the paint that gave the animal those noted marks has been washed off.

The soft rays of sunlight play upon the

golden-red locks of the girl as though they oved there to dwell. Talbot's arm is around her waist, her

head upon his shoulder.

"Are you happy?" he asked, tenderly kissing the low forehead.

"Yes, so—80 happy," she murmurs, in reply, her eyes bright, her cheeks slightly

THE END.

Mr. Aiken's new romance, now in hand, and which will soon be given to eager readers, is one to surprise even the most expectant. It has long been a favorite theme in the author's brain, and has come forth in a form that must redound greatly to the fine reputation of the writer of "Overland Kit;"
"The Wolf Demon;" "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc. The new serial is one of the South-west—giving full scope to his remarkable characterizations of Indians, Hunters, Rangers, Miners, etc., and having, as its chief actor, a most singular man, whose mad valor and wild career seem well to qualify him for his title-the Madman of the Plains.

The Ocean Girl:

THE BOY BUCCANEER

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST, AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A STORMY INTERVIEW. NED knew the way too well to require any guide, and in another moment he was at the foot of the companion-way, knocking at the bulkhead in which the door was cut. 'Come in," said the deep, commanding

voice of Gantling.

Ned obeyed, and as he turned the handle, a flood of light fell upon him. The cabin was no longer so peaceful-looking as before. The disguise which, in case of disagreeable visits, had been affected off Sheppey, was thrown off here; and though the apartment was much like most cabins, its mixture of the luxurious and the martial was, to say the least, singular. There were two dark cannon in the room, which, by the ju-dicious removal of all unnecessary gear,

could be changed, in a very few minutes, into a well-appointed battery.

The walls literally bristled with muskets, pistols, sabers, half-pikes, boarding-axes, and all the manifold implements of marine wasfare and in the minible ments of the marine. warfare, and in the midst of all this Captain Gantling sat with his bottle, glass, and pipe, smiling grimly at the scene around, as if proud to be monarch of all he surveyed.

"Ah, Ned, so it was you. And pray to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

he said, in a rather thick voice. "It remains to be proved, sir, whether it be a pleasure or not."

"Ah! what have we here, my Lord High

Admiral? Speak out, I am ready to an-

swer," laughed Gantling, grimly.

"As my object is to ask questions, I am glad to find you in the humor. Is the Duke of Kent the vessel you intended me to

"It is, and very cleverly you have done

"Is Sir Stephen Rawdon, who, with my old friend, Loo, his daughter, is on board, the man whom you call mine enemy?"

"He is," replied Gantling, now with a

truly savage gleam in his cruel gray eyes.

"Then I beg to say he is my friend, and that I will defend him at the peril of my life, and in defiance of the wicked oath which you compelled me to take," said Edward, with calm-spoken words, but a heaving breast, and flashing eye, indicative of

"Boy," cried Gantling, whose passions were aroused, and whose face indicated the tempest within, "but for that man, I had no need to have been a buccaneer. Instead of dreaming of sovereignty in the sunny isles of the south, where dusky beauties welcome you with open arms, and perpetual summer creates a paradise on earth, I should have lived honored and respected in my own land. But it was not to be. I had to leave my profession, dishonored. I was broke—and by them. From that hour I have vowed eternal enmity to both-one still lives.'

And the other?" gasped Ned. "Look not at me so," said Gantling, with a shudder; "none can say that innocent blood rests on my hands. He had the same chance as I had, and shot at me. He missed -I did not—and he died.

Of whom do you speak?" "Tis past now, boy, and not worth men-oning. Even this duel was turned against me. They said he would never have me me on an equality; that I had waylaid and murdered him, and that after death I had discharged his pistol. So they hunted me down as an assassin, drove me away, an outlaw, from my native shores, to return a scourge and a terror. Yes, I had my revenge to the full."
"You have been tried, doubtless," said

Ned, in a colder tone than he usually adopted to his old officer; "but these details just now can be of no interest to me."

"No interest to you!" laughed Gantling avagely; "who knows? If you were less obstinate, they might be."
"Captain Gantling," continued Edward Drake, firmly, "even if these details per-

sonally concern myself, they must be adjourned Must, sir-and why?" asked Gantling,

with a menacing look.
"Because unless I have your solemn word, and that I think I can trust to, that nothing more shall be attempted against Sir Stephen Rawdon and his daughter, immediately on my return I will have Jabez Grunn and his lot put in irons, and the guns double-shotted, to give you a warm

reception."
"Mad! mad! stark, staring mad!" said Gantling, wildly, as he strode the cabin, with fierce and angry steps. "Put Jabez in irons! double-shot the guns!"

"And you talk thus to me ! Will you allow me to ask you who you may be?"
"Naval Cadet Edward Drake, of the ad

miral's flag-ship Bellerophon."
Gantling stood back aghast. A livid palor spread over his face, his lips quivered his eyes seemed ready to start from his head, while his fingers mechanically felt for his pistols. Edward faced him, also pale, but firm and resolved. There was not one atom of fear in that manly attitude. Like

Nelson, he knew not fear. And pray, sir, is there any other remark his Majesty's naval cadet wishes to make to

Joseph Gantling?" he asked.
"Yes! I have to complain that Jabez Grunn has once already attempted murder

on my person, and I have every reason to

believe he will put a pistol-ball through my head, the first chance he gets."

"Indeed! As that is a pleasure I reserve to myself, and intend to enjoy shortly, I will trounce the fellow for daring to forestell me."

"Captain Gantling," said Ned, "a truce to idle threats. Have you no memory of our old friendship? Can not you give up this one scheme, and repair many evil deeds of the past by this one generous action? The world is all before you where to choose. Your island kingdom, with its flowery harvests and hopeful delights, awaits you. Why go there red-handed?"

"Will you go with me?" hoarsely cried Cantling.

Gantling.
"No. My association with Sir Stephen

has re-awakened the slumbering echoes of conscience, and I will, cabin-boy or captain, follow my career honestly."

"And begin by betraying the one who has brought you up from childhood," pursued the buccaneer.

"Human life is sacred, and my duty plain.

But why not release me from my wicked oath, instead of forcing me to break it?—which, having warned you once, I shall do

as soon as I go on board." "Which you never shall, spawn of Satan! whelp of a vile brood!" cried Gantling, beside himself with passion.

At the same moment he drew a pistol,

cocked it, and leveled it full at the boy's "On your knees, beg my pardon, and re-

new your oath!" he screamed, vehemently.
"Never! Dye your hand in blood, if you will; but death before dishonor!"

"Die then!" bawled Gantling. He pulled the trigger, the cabin was filled with smoke, but when it cleared away, Ned stood white but undaunted, in the same position, his lips muttering a prayer inau-

dibly.

"Nein! nein! none of that—donner and blitzen—none of that—hagel and wetter, you forget who is—nein! nein!" cried Dirtrick, who had struck up the pistol; he whispered in the captain's ear, "not father and son." "Devil! out of the way-how dare you

come here?" "Blitzen and donner - you called loud enough. But what is the matter?"

"Ask Captain Gantling," said Ned, cold-

"Yaw! yaw! I see-quarrel-both hasty, make it up, smoke a pipe in the lust haus."
"Never. No more connection for me

"Never. No more connection for me with Captain Joseph Gantling. Open the door; the wind is rising, and I must go."

"That I did not kill you," said the buccaneer, with a fearful oath, "I am glad, for many reasons. But, by Heavens, you must think me a fool to let you go. No, you are on the ship's papers, and no flimsy commission of King George avails with me. Here you have come of your own accord. Here you have come of your own accordand here, my young bantling, you will remain, to crow as much as you like; but you

do not thwart my plans."

And pushing Dirtrick before him, he

went on deck.

Ned was confounded, but ever ready at expedients, he rushed to a narrow open

Are you there, boys?" "Ay, ay, sir."
"One moment."

With a pencil he wrote these words on a stiff sheet of paper:

"Grunn and the men who shipped with him are pirates. I am a prisoner. Avoid St. Helena, and sail to the westward. Make Juan Fernandez in preference."

"Here, boys, give this to the admiral."
"Now, then, cut off that boat," cried the stern voice of Captain Gantling; "the young reefer who had the impudence to come here, is a runaway cabin-boy of mine, and I mean to keep him"

and I mean to keep him.' The boys made no reply, but pulled away with a will, Ned Drake watching them with a dreamy sort of interest, which seemed wholly centered in others, and not at all in himself. He could hear the lazy swash of the water, and could see the Indiaman not more than three-quarters of a mile off, her black bows dipping, as she rose out of the swell, and through the vapory haze he could

make out the signal to return. There were evidently signs of wind; and as a vessel like the brigantine would soon feel it, she was not long before she began to move. Then Edward made out the boat being lifted up quickly by a whip from the boom end, and then a great confusion reign-

Men ran aloft, sails were let fall, and every preparation made, he fancied, for a

ed on the Indiaman's decks.

Two minutes later there was a flash, then a report, and a ball came whizzing along the surface of the water. Then came a fu-rious tramping overhead, and Ned heard the buccaneer giving his orders for flight. The Indiaman, prepared with heavy guns, crowded with sailors and soldiers, over a hundred of whom had embarked at Gravesend, was not to be lightly faced by the brig-

As soon as the changing positions of the vessels hid the Duke of Kent from the sight of Ned, he closed the port, and lay down on a couch, the apartment being amply lighted by means of a massive silver lamp, doubtless came from some Roman Catholic

Scarcely had he done so when Captain Gantling returned. His face was more calm and serene. All trace of passion had fled, and he was the same collected seaman his people always found him whenever

there was any danger.
"So, sir, the admiral wants to fight for his new officer," he said, with a gay laugh. "Sir Stephen is strangely attached to me."
"Indeed!" half sneered Gantling; "but

harkee, Ned, you and I are now on different tacks, but we need not be savage enemies. Hear me out. I shall try and carry out my plans in spite of you; my making you a prisoner releases you from all engagements. Do what you can to serve your friends-so will I to serve my designs; but hang it don't let us altogether forget we are mess mates and shipmates."

"Captain Gantling, while a prisoner here, I presume you will treat me like a gentleman, and I will behave the same. But of our differences not a word. Your mind is made up; so is mine. Let us speak of other things." of other things.

That's it. And the buccaneer struck a slight blow on a Chinese gong, which, with many other similar nicknacks, was suspended from one of the beams of the upper deck, within reach of his hand.

A cabin boy appeared.
"Let us have supper—quick. The wind is freshening, and I shall be wanted on deck

The serving youth retired, and soon returned with one of those dainty suppers which the man of the world knew so well how to order and enjoy; being in this like to most men of genius, who dine when other men eat. The two things, gastronomically considered, are as different as a China tea-cup and a pig's trough. The buccaneer had inoculated Ned somewhat with his taste, and the lad knew therefore the pleasures of

But Gantling did not press him now. He merely put before him delicacies that might have tempted a saint on a fast day; also exquisite wines, not your fiery ports and sherries, but delicate and seductive juice of the grape, that steals softly over a man's senses, and lifts him gently into elysium, without the slightest vestige of intoxication. And when by slow and insidious degrees he had led him to take a glass or two, when his pale cheek glowed, and his eyes flashed, and his breath was quick, the buccaneer began one of his most entrancing stories of adventure. They were told so well, that they had a charm of freshness and excitement about them, the power of which he well knew over one at Edward's age. It was the better side of piracy, admirably painted by a skillful hand, that had won the boy's former adhesion to the bold career of a free trader, and the captain saw no reason why the same influence should not be suc-

cessfully brought to bear again.

When he had worked him up to the required pitch, he stopped.

"And now, my hearty—though you are not one of my creed—come on deck; we shall have a dirty night."

They went, and to judge from appearances, they were about to have a dirty night.

The sun had dipped into the sea, the shades of night had gathered over the vast surface of the illimitable waste-nothing could be seen but the chill and gloomy ele-

It was more than half dark, with heaps of clouds lengthening out blacker every moment. Where the sun had been, high aloft in the heavens, was a small orange-colored lurid speck, which seemed to look down upon the deepening gloom.
"'Tis an ox eye," said Ned; "we shall

have a regular tornado.'

"We shall, my boy," replied Captain Gantling, sadly; "and such a pupil as you have been, to desert me! What a thing it would be, if you were to change your mind. By heaven! I would resign my command to help you, and obey my bold boy bucca-

It's very tempting, certainly." "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" said a hoarse voice at some little distance.

"Here we are; what ship is that?"

"No ship, but a very long boat: and Jabez Grunn came on board to wring the neck of that cursed young reefer.'

CHAPTER XI.

JABEZ GRUNN. JABEZ GRUNN had seen Edward Drake's departure for the Ocean Girl, with undisguised apprehension and alarm. He could by no means unravel the mystery, which made the youth, who had been the pet and favorite of the captain, all at once their enemy. That he was about to oppose their piratical expedition, he felt certain, though is motive was beyond his ken.

The ugly foretopman watched the boat go away, from his usual berth in the rigging, when not employed elsewhere. He distinctly saw the small craft return without the midshipman, and he reasoned that, in all probability, the buccaneer and the youth had had an explanation. He hastily summoned his comrades, and in order to be prepared for the worst, they all armed themselves, and while the lads were making their report in the cabin, they hauled up the boat right into the bows. Though the chain boat right into the bows. Though the chain slings were all ready to hook into the rings, no one had thought fit to hoist until the re-

port was made. Each man then took his kit, and dropped it down into the clinker jolly, after which

he himself followed. Creeping up the bowsprit, and lowering himself to where the martingale guy alone

stood between him and the water, Jabez Grunn bided his time. He had not long to wait. He saw the first-mate come forward, while the captain, Sir Stephen, and others, stood together on the quarter-deck.

ficer to the second. "Ay, ay, sir."
And in five minutes more, the whole crew that could be found, were mustered

around the mainmast. How many are missing?" asked the skipper, looking round the astonished group. Seven, I think, sir. Jabez Grunn and the fellows who shipped with him," replied

the second-mate. "Find them, sir. Take ten men you can depend upon, and put these rascals in irons. They are pirates, and have come on board

to rob and murder us all. "Boat ahoy!" roared a look-out in the "Where away?" cried the skipper, rush-

"Stealing away to windward," replied the look-out. "Come back, or I will fire," continued the skipper. "Out with the guns. The villains have stolen my boat."

All was hurry and confusion for a mo ment, and muskets were rapidly found, but by the time they were able to take aim, the boat was a dark speck on the ocean, night having fallen suddenly upon the

great deep. The anger of the captain could only be equaled by the sorrow of the admiral, who saw the career of his young and hopeful protege thus cut short. He had some suspicions of the reasons which actuated Drake, having an intuitive belief that the boy himself was honest and sincere. His coming on board appeared part of a great cheme to secure the Indiaman. It clear, too, that Edward had sacrificed himelf on the altar of duty, and had left his friends in order to be of service to them. Poor Loo quite cried, especially when she ound the note which Ned had written to

A sharp look-out was kept for the pirate. as the crew and officers of the Duke of Kent had no fear of her now. That, with accomplices on board, and by a clever surprise. they might have been overpowered, was quite possible; but armed and manned as she was, they had now no fear for the re-

The admiral's object was to wait until morning, chase the buccaneer, disable her if possible, and then propose a ransom for

the lad. Had the vessel been a man-of-war, duty and inclination both, would have made Sir Stephen fight; but the Indiaman was better qualified to defend herself than

to assume the offensive.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 79.)

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SHAKY FLAT.

BY DAVID PAULDING.

A beauty? Yer orter see'd her mother!
Yer wouldn't ax ter see another!
She war tall and straight, her ha'r in curls
Fell down her back. Edzactly liker ther girl's.
How did she die! I'm a-gittin' ter that:
Thar's whar' it happened, on Shaky Flat.

Thet level bit o' ground over ther river,
Think it's got ther ager with its 'tarnal shiver.
Bess, ther old woman, she war too good fur me,
She had l'arnin', she had, and not stuck up. She!
Wal, she and I war as happy as two doves
'Til a stranger kem and stepped 'twixt our loves.

He wur from ther clearin's, and purty well knowledged;
He wur a purfessor or stugent in some sort of col-

And ther day he stopped to rest hisself, he War orful perlite, he war, ter both Bess and me. He staid three works, and I never thought no hurt:—
Ef I had— Wal, you wouldn't like for been in his

One day I kem hum and Bess war gone out. I thought nothink wrong, but went nosing about Ther house 'til I spied a note; it told ther tale and She'd gone with ther stranger—she left this yere land! I gripped old kill-devil, my gun, and kissed my

Thar war blood in my heart as I started arter. I kem in sight jest yere; I raised my gun;
The purfessor dropped; Bess started and run
Straight fur ther fat. I called, but 'twarn't no use.
She war skeered and on she flew like a goose.
In the center of ther flat she stood—me on firm
bund land—
And she sunk lower and lower in ther shivering sand.

The Traitor Page.

BY C. D. CLARK.

London, in the days of the "good Queen ess." The London of that day was not the London of the present, yet it was a great city, famous for its wealth, its learning and power even in that day. The streets are crowded with pedestrians, and sedan chairs are passing to and fro, from the cur-tains of which beauties in heavy silks, high starched ruffs and plumed head-dresses, peep out into the street. Gay cavaliers are passing, some on foot, some on horseback, their spurs clanking on the pavements. The dominant garb is the short doublet of silk, kneebreeches, shoes confined by broad buckles—usually of some precious metal—and wide brimmed hats with drooping feather fastened to the side. All wore swords, which were as much a part of their attire in that day as the doublet.

A cavalier was passing rapidly down one of the principal streets, clad in this fashion, with the exception that he wore a heavy cloak, reaching below the waist, thrown over his shoulders. He walked with a quick, erect, military stride, and it was plain to see that he was a soldier. His business to see that he was a soldier. His business seemed to hurry him, for he looked neither to the right nor left, never heeding the glances of admiration which he received from bright eyes as he passed. He wore his hair long, after the manner of the gentry of the day, and it fell in rich brown curls upon his shoulders. His beard was closely cut, except the drooping mustache, at that time only worn by the gentry and soldiers. Feeling a light hand laid upon his shoulder, he turned quickly and saw a page, whose dress was an exact copy of his own in every respect, for the pages of quality aned the respect, for the pages of quality aped the manners and costumes of their masters. The boy had a short, cunning face, and a pair of twinkling blue eyes, and had a gaunty, saucy air, peculiar to his race, who lived in an atmosphere of intrigue.

"Ha, Ralph Ringbird," cried the cavalier.

"Are you there? Speak, then."

"I can speak when I see occasion, and hold my tongue when it is necessary, Sir Wilton," said the boy, insolently.

"Be not malapert, young sir," said the cavalier, frowning, "lest I find it necessary to comb thy hair for thee. What is your

"How know you that I have a message, fair sir?" said the boy, sneeringly. "By'r lady, it is not of my own will that I come

to you, I promise you."
"There, then," said the cavalier, putting money in the boy's hand. "Let that con-

"Nothing sooner, good sir," said the boy, changing his tone. "If I saw thy hand in thy purse oftener, perhaps I might serve thee better. I am commissioned to lead you by the way you wot of, to visit a fair lady." Is it so, good youth?" cried the cavalier,

joyfully. "Give me good service, and thou shalt find I know how to recompense it. Lead on quickly.

The boy moved a few paces in advance, and for some time they proceeded in silence, the gentleman merely following the lead of his companion. At last they paused before a large building, the gate of which they passed, and turning into another street found a small door in the wall, which the page opened by means of a key, which he took from his doublet. The cavalier fol-lowed him in, and the door was locked be-

'It will be well for me if our good Queen Bess does not know the part I am taking in this business, for my head might come to the block sooner than I wish," said Ring-

"Then you expect the fate some time, friend Ralph?" said the cavalier.

"Why not? Our family are famous for it, since the days of old Ralph Ringbird, chief equery to the good King William, the Norman, who was beheaded because he have too much. I am like to have the knew too much. I am like to have the same fate one day. But, what care I? What will be will be, and I will live as merry a life as I can until the day shall

"Forward, good Ralph, I beg you."
"I am going," said Ralph. "You will not move so blithely to the block, when it comes your turn to pass from the town to

the traitor's gate." "Ha, young hound! I will throttle you if you breathe that word again. Let me tell you that the race of Blount are never

Good lack, there are many degrees of traitorism, my captain. Take your hand from my throat, or I guide you no further. Ask yourself the question whether you had better be my friend or mine enemy." The cavalier, who, in his wrath, had seized

the boy by the neck, removed his hand and signed to him to go on. They entered by a low arched doorway, passed through many corridors, and arrived at a room richly furnished and evidently the ante-room to a

Remain here, Sir Wilton, and I will let my lady know that you are come," said the page. He disappeared by an inner door, and a moment after there was a rustle of

silks, and a beautiful woman entered—so beautiful that even the absurd fashions of the day could not deform her. The cavalier sprung forward, caught her white hand in his and pressed his lips upon it, and the look in her fair face was enough to show that she loved him and would make any sacrifice for his calva. crifice for his sake.

"You sent for me, Lady Anne," he said, in a passionate tone. "It needed no more than that to bring me to your feet."

"Ah, Wilton," she said, "if we but lived in a land where the will of a woman could

not put this restraint upon us and force us to meet by stealth. Even now I am putting your life in jeopard because I desired to see

you."
"What do I care for that, Anne? To see you, to look into your face, is worth a life to me. I know that you love me and have given me a heart worth the wealth of all the world. What right has this woman,

although a queen, to come between us?"
"Hush, Wilton Blount! You know not what you say. The name of our queen is a tower of strength, and for less than you have said men have found the Tower and

"If she will play the tyrant to those who have loved her, she must lose their respect. The Blounts have been loyal, but I for one will not have a woman, be she queen or peasant, dictate to me whom I shall love."

The sharp face of Ralph Ringbird was thrust through the curtains listening intently, and a terrible look passed over it at these words. It was well for him that the lovers were too much engaged with each other to take notice, or they would have

seen him. "Listen to me, my love," said Wilton Blount. "You know that I have been in the service of France, although I have never lifted my sword against England, and never will. With the French king I can do any thing, and in his country I can find an asylum. You, Lady Anne Burton, are maid of honor to the queen, and she has promised your hand to one of her favorites, Dorset. Do you love him?"
"Wilton!"

"I am answered. Then let us leave the land where our loves can only make trouble and seek with the King of France a refuge and a home. You know that, if you stay here, the queen can force you to marry Dorset. The ship in which we can embark has permission to depart. Her sails are bent

were lost in the mazes of London. Not far off they were joined by a third person, a cavalier wrapped in a cloak and masked closely—masks were then so common that this would hardly be noticed. The two who came out were Lady Anne and her maid, and the cavalier who joined them was Sir Wilton Blount. They walked rapidly onward, and reached the river-side, near a great stone building, which was used by certain Jews as a storehouse. In stream they could see, by the dim light, the masts and sails of the ship which was to convey them to France, and closer in a boat, containing two men, lay idly upon the water. We are watched," whispered Wilton to

the ladies. "Conceal yourselves behind this building and wait for the result."

He hid himself within the projecting doorway and waited anxiously. In a moment the page appeared creeping from behind the building, evidently a spy upon them. Before he could cry out, the iron fingers of Sir Wilton had closed upon his throat with such a fell clasp that crying out was simply impossible, even if he had dared, for the steel point of a rapier glittered at his breast, and he knew that he was in the hands of a man who would surely strike, and he made a motion of submis-

sion.

"Be careful now, Ralph," said Wilton.

"I am about to loosen my clasp on your if you ery out, you are dead. throat, and if you cry out, you are dead. Where are the men you have brought to

"They wait for my signal. Spare my life and I will not give it. Lord Dorset forced me to do it," gasped the page.

By way of reply Wilton dragged him behind the building where the terrified women crouched, and then signaled the boat. In five minutes they were on board the ves sel, the traitor page in double-irons, and half an hour later the ship was speeding down the river with the tide in her favor. The men of Dorset remained in hiding, waiting for the signal which was never given, and when they at last crept out and sent a spy to the river-side, the ship had disappeared in the night. Before many hours Sir Wilton Blount and his chosen bride were safe upon French soil, where the king more than fulfilled his promise, and the monarch himself gave away the bride. Ralph Ringbird was released and permitted to return to England, and went into and she only waits her passengers. Remem- I the service of Dorset; and when that noble-

"Arter he got rescuperated, es he called it, he tole us how, clost by ther second chief's village on the Big Horn, thar war a mount'in uv jess solid silver, he said, an' thet, 'stead uv rocks an' dornick, es we ginerally see croppin' outen the ground, thar war great hunks uv silver oar, so rich thet it war worth the pure stuff most pound fur

"I tell yur, boyees, sech talk es thet did make our fly-traps leak, an' when he hauled out a big specimint uv the oar, we struck hands an' swore we'd jine him ef the trail

'We warn't long a-gittin' reddy. Thar warn't much to do, only lay in plenty uv powder an' lead, an' a few extrys, an' then turn our faces west'ard, keep our eyes peel-

ed fur red-skins, an' foller our noses.
"We found the Cheyennes wide awake an' p'isen fur skelps, an' the closer we got to the Big Horn the more uv 'em we found, till, durn my ole leathers, ef they warn't es plentiful es checkir-back grasshoppers in

What a sight o' dodgin' an' crawlin' an'

sn'akin' it thar war to be shore.

"But, we war too menny fur the imps, an' so, arter a week uv this work, we re'ched the wally uv the Big Horn one dark night, an' camped into a heavy bit uv timmer, whar we thought they mout give us the

go by.
"Yur see, our Kaintuck chap know'd ev'ry inch uv the ground, an' more, too, an' he sed es how 'twurn't likely the Cheyennes

'd stumble onto us whar we lay.

"But he war wrong that, mighty wrong he war, an' by his blowin' this way kem durned nigh causin' the hull lot uv us to

"A war-party war leavin' the village the very day after we arriv', which uv course war lucky fur us, on'y it kem monstrous nigh bein' onlucky.

"Ther trail they went out on run clost by ther thicket, mebby a dozen rods er so from whar we war hid.
"We leave weathis," the rad bling of the

'We lay a-watchin' the red-skins es they filed past, when, all at one't, Dick Blakey sez, 'Boyees! look thar!' An'ef thar warn't a cussed imp a-comin' plum center onto us,

didn't shoot. "'Which way outen this, Billee?' sez

may I be chawed by perairy dorgs.
"I heard half a dozen rifles click, but
them es cocked 'em kem to thar senses an'

Dick, a-whisperin'.
"I hed got my lariat off'n ther saddle, an'



THE TRAITOR PAGE.

ber that, if my purpose here were known, I have not a week to live. Will you fly with

'Oh, Wilton, I can not do that!" "Then I will see the queen, and tell her what I think of one who sunders faithful

hearts."
"No, no, not that. You little know the

queen if you think to do it."
"I know that the Tower shall be my resting-place this night, but I can bear this

"I will go with you, Wilton, but the danger is terrible unless we go to-night."
"To-night it shall be! Let me tell you all my plans.'

He drew her to a seat on a divan, and while they talked the ears of Ralph Ring-bird were open. When he had heard enough, he stole softly away, and when once out of hearing, gave free rein to his

joy.
"I have them," he muttered. "By all the saints, my fortune is made. Now to my Lord of Dorset, to tell him what I have

He was about to leave the mansion, when one of Lady Anne's maids met him.
"You are to stay here, Ralph," she whispered. "Do not leave until Sir Wilton Blount is safe out of the building, for your

"How long will he stay?" grumbled the page, somewhat taken aback.
"He must leave within the hour, for, before that time, Sir Henry may return, and if he sees Sir Wilton, all is lost. Go you to the street and keep good watch, and if you

see your master, hasten in and let me The boy went out sullenly, and the maid looked after him in doubt.

"He is not to be trusted," she said. "I have seen him too much in the company of

Hubert, the page of Lord Dorset. I will warn Sir Wilton before he goes." She found an opportunity to whisper a few words in the ear of the knight before the page returned. He started, and laid his

hand upon his sword. "It may be so, good Helen," he said. "I will take such means that he shall not betray me, and happen what will I will remember you. Be it understood that you accompany your lady wherever she may go, and I will bear in mind that you have been faithful to her through all. For this felon page, I will attend to him, and he shall see what it is to turn traitor to Wilton Blount.'

The night came, and as the last glimpses of daylight began to disappear, two muffled figures stole out of the door in the wall

man died under the ax, his squire, Ralph, hilt it up, seein' which ther rest av 'em Ringbird, an aider and abettor in his treason, perished in the same way. When Dorset was gone, Sir Wilton Blount returned to England and regained his family estates, from which he had been exiled through the influence of Dorset. And having regained the confidence of his queen, he never lost it

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Bill Grady's Ghost.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD

"No, boyees, Bill Grady hain't afeard o' nothin' on this airth, not as I knows on, an ther Lord knows, ef I doose say it myself I've been tried right smartly an' oftenly."
And Bill Grady was right. All over the border he was known as Daredevil Bill. And if ever a man deserved such a title he certainly did. Probably, with the exception of old Grizzly Adams, Kit Carson, and one or two others, he had been in more Indian fights, single-handed combats and the like,

than any other man in the West.
"But, Bill," said old John, slyly, "there was a time once when you turned tail and A general laugh went round, for we all

knew to what the speaker alluded.
"Yes, cap'n, an' I hain't ashamed to own up fa'r an' squar'. But then, yur see, thet war a thing es no man could stan' up afore. Yur couldn't hurt it, an' how the deuce war I to know but what it 'd do fur me. "A feller can't fout them ere ghosts no-

how, leastwise not to do enny good. "Thar hev been a monstrous sight o' talk an' some lyin' 'bout thet leetle sarcumstance, an' I'm jess a-goin' to tell yur fellers how it r'a'ly war."

"Good, Billee! Go ahead!" said Rube.

"Well, yur see, one winter a chap as had kem out from Kaintuck war took by the Cheyennes, an' carried off to ther villages in the walleys uv the Big Horn. "He war wi' the imps a matter uv two

years or more, an' then, while most uv the warriors war off on a rampage, he roped a mustang, stole a' ole flint-lock smooth-bore, an' cut fur the settlements. "A lot uv us boyees war at the post

when Kaintuck got in, an' he buckled to us right away, sayin' as how he had a leetle matter to tell us as would make our mouths figures stole out of the door in the wall water wuss'n a yearlin' colt's as hed been through which Wilton had entered, and feedin' on white clover.

stood back in ther bresh to give me room, thet ar', all uv 'em but one, an' thet one war

"I obsarved that he'd got out his big knife—he called it a bouyer, an' he war a-heldin' it by ther p'int, wi' the handle a-hangin' down'ards.

Ef yur misses y'ur cast,' he sez, 'Fll fetch him wi' this.' "I didn't see it, but thar warn't no time to ax questions. The red-skin war nigh

"Es luck would hev it, thar war a little cl'arin' right afront uv whar we stood, an' before the Injun got into it he hed to pass through a strip uv thicket thet hid him from t'others uv the band.

"'Now, then, Billee,' sed Kaintuck, as ther Injun stepped into the open, an' whiz went my lariat, throwed wi' a good aim es ever I measured in my life.

"But, lordy! boyees, yur can't rope a Injun ef he's facin' yur squar'ly. He'll dodge the lariat nine times outen ten, sartin, an' thet's jess what this varmint did.

"Es ther noose settled over his greasy top-knot, he give a kind uv a squirm, an' i did seem to me es ef he'd jumped clean through it, an', quicker'n greased lightnin', he straightened up, throwed back his head, an' opened his ug'ly mouth fur ther yell thet I knowed war bound to come next. "But it didn't come, thet yell didn't, not

by a durned sight.
"Kaintuck war a-standin' a cupple uv steps ahint me, an' at ther minit I see the cast hed failed, I heard somethin' whiz past my ear, seen a kind uv a flash like, an' thar war thet bouyer knife a-stickin' clean up to ther hilt in ther red niggur's weezin' pipe.

"He war on'y able to make a kind uv a gugglin' noise in his throat, an' then went down all uv a heap, es dead es a two year

old beaver pelt. "It war done splendid, boyees, and I sw'ar I couldn't hardly help fetchin' a

whoop myself. "Now then I reckin yur fellers ar' all asayin' what ther blazes hev this got to do wi' ther ghost es skeered Bill Grady! Well, I'll tell yur right away.

"This war-party kept on es ef they didn't miss the feller we'd rubbed out, an' I reckin they didn't fur a good spell, an' so we lay snug an' safe in the chapparal all that day,

waitin' fur night to come ag'in.

"Well, it did come along, by-em-by, an' as dark es a pile uv mink-skins; jess such a one es we wanted to re'ch the big cave on the mount'in whar the silver war. We war a-goin' to make ther cave our

quarters while at work.

"By a cupple uv hours arter dark we war at the place, your trail all kivered so 's a double-nose p'inter couldn't 'a' follered, an' reddy fur a look arter the stuff as had fetch-

ed us thar.
"We soon found that Kaintuck hadn't stretched the blanket, not an inch. The oar fa'rly crapped outen the groun', great chunks uv the solid could be

knocked loose wi' our hammers.
"'Long to'ards daybreak, yur see, we war workin' in a place whar the Injuns hed dug out, an' war usin' a torch, when one uv the boyees kem t'arin' in with the word that the Injuns war onto us.

"He hed seen one standin' on a p'int uv rocks jess above whar we wur at work. "We let loose all holts an' traveled fur

"We let loose all nots an traveled the cave, but thar warn't no attack, an' the night passed off quietly.

"Next day we laid low till to'ards evenin', an' then half uv us went minin', while t'others stayed on guard.

"We hedn't been at it long afore the fellow as year on watch kem in reportin' Injuns

ler as war on watch kem in reportin' Injuns He hed seen one in ther same place as "We made a rush, an' shore enuff thar stood a red-skin up on a p'int uv rock, his figger showin' out cl'ar ag'in' the sky be-

'He never moved, nor yelled, nor nor-

thin', but purty soon he jess kinder went out like—disappeared, yur know.
"We made fur ther cave ag'in in a hurry, I tell yur, but still thar warn't no attack. 'The next night it war the same, an' so

it war fur three more arter that. Yur see, the thing war gettin' ser'ous now, an' the boyees begin gettin' a leetle, jess a leetle "The fifth night I detarmined to watch myself. I knowed the moon, which war in

the new, would give a good light, an' so's to see the thing better, I got cover within a short distance. "The boyees worked away ontil 'long to-'ards midnight, an' I war jess on the p'int uv goin' in an' givin' the word to quit, when

all at onc't the *Injun war thar!*"The moon war shinin' bright, an' thar

warn't a twig atween him an' me, so I had a good squar' look at the imp.

"Well, boyees, I will say I don't never want to be scart ag'in like that.

"I felt my ha'r riz right up, an' my knees got kind er weakly under me, an' no won der.

"Thar on thet rock, close enuff fur me to tech wi' my rifle, wi' his blanket wrapped around his shoulders, stood ther Injun Kaintuck hed killed, an' wuss'n all, thar war thet identical bouyer-knife a-stickin' into his weezin, an' the blood a-runnin'

down his naked breast.
"It war lookin' straight at me, an' wi' ther awfullest eyes thet ever enny human

'Scart? Why, thet ain't no name fur it! I war most dead, boyees, I war to a sartinty. I dunno how I got back to whar the boyees war workin'; but they sed I looked mostly like a corpus when I rushed in. When they went out to look, ther thing war

"Well, Billy," asked one of the boys, as the other paused, "did you see it the next

Did I see it ther next night? 'Ee durned jackass, do yur reckin I war goin' to stay thar? No, we didn't see it, fur ef thet ghost kept up with that party a-travelin' fur the settlements, he war a long-legged ghost,

that's all I've got to say.
"No, sir-ee, we left them diggin's, an' may I never chaw buffler ag'in ef we didn't git in sech a hurry thet most all ther stuff war

ar' true, every word uv it. I don't know how to explain ther sarcumstance, but I've told yur jess as it took place."

Short Stories from History

A Remarkable Duel .- In the duel be tween Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Scawen, fought near Tournay, in the Netherlands, Mr. S. asked Mr. F. if he would fire first? Mr. F. accepted the offer, and immediately discharged his pistol, the ball from which passed under Mr. Scawen's chin. Mr. S. then presented, and leveled his pistol, but Mr. Fitzgerald, in bringing his second pistol to a level, accidentally discharged it, before Mr. Scawen had fired his first. On this Mr. S. said, "Mr. Fitzgerald, you have fired your second pistol;" to which Mr. F. re-plied, "It is true, sir, but I assure you it was merely accidental, and I ask your par-don for it." Then advancing a pace or two toward Mr. Scawen, Mr. F. added, "You have both your pistols, sir; I desire you will fire them, and we will both load again." Mr. Scawen then nobly observed, "Sir, it makes no difference; I am glad it happened so;" and immediately going up to Mr. Fitzgerald, he added, that "if he had said any thing disrespectful of him, it must have been when he was disordered with liquor, and he was extramely sorm for it." Then and he was extremely sorry for it." Then taking a cane out of one of the surgeons' hands, he delivered it to Mr. Fitzgerald, who very lightly laid it on Mr. Scawen's shoulder, remarking at the same time, "that he was very sorry for what had passed, since he had now behaved in so handsome and honorable a manner." The gentlemen then shook hands, went and spent the evening together, and parted perfectly reconciled.

The First Duel in America.—The first duel fought in New England was in the year 1630, upon a challenge at single combat, with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of a Mr. Hopkins. Both were wounded, the one in the hand and the other in the thigh. As it was deemed necessary to repress as much as possible such affairs of honor, the two men were sentenced to have their heads and feet tied together, and to lie in that condition for twenty-four hours, without either meat or drink. This punishment was begun to be inflicted; but in an hour, on account of the pain they felt, and at their own and their master's request, and promise of good behavior, they were released by Gov-ernor Bradford, who relates this anecdote.

Fit Punishment.—An officer of rank in the army of Louis the Twelfth, of France, having ill-treated a peasant, the monarch made him live for a few days upon wine and meat. The officer, tired of this very heating diet, requested permission to have some bread allowed him. The king sent for him, and said, "How could you be so foolish as to ill-treat those persons who put bread into your mouth?"